

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

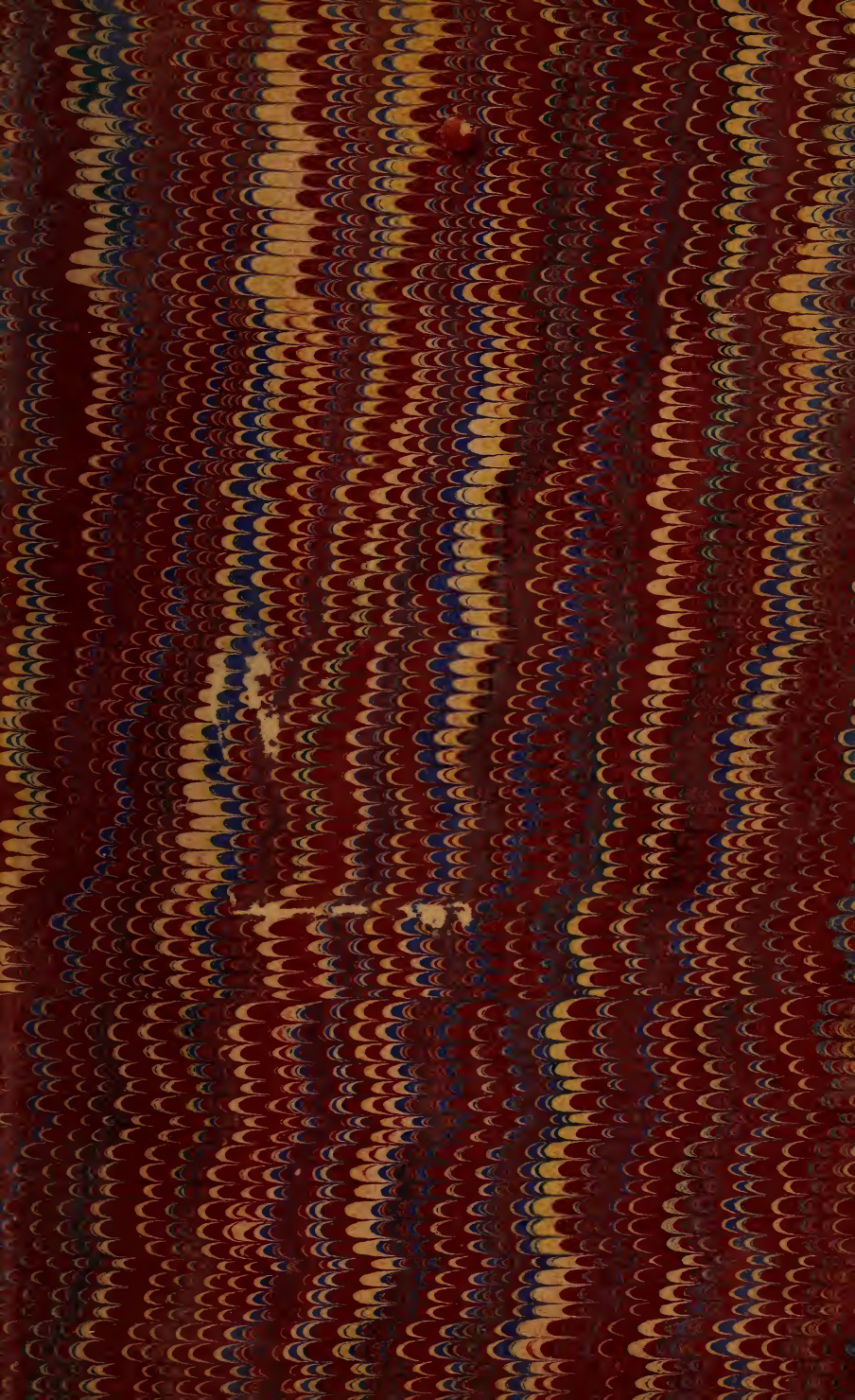
PN 4201

Chap. Copyright No.

Shelf. H33

1895

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



ROBERT
✓ H.
HATCH'S

RECITALS

37
P. 36



PRICE
THIRTY
CENTS





ROBERT H. HATCH'S

RECITALS

Robert H. Hatch



46268-21



108 EAST 16TH STREET
NEW YORK
EDGAR S. WERNER
1895

(1894) i

PN4201
.H33
1895

Copyright
1894

By Edgar S. Werner

All rights reserved.

12-3333

PRESS OF EDGAR S. WERNER, 108 EAST 16TH STREET, NEW YORK, U. S. A.

DEDICATION.

TO MY MOTHER

Whose encouragement in my life-work has
been my inspiration.



PREFACE.

SINCE commencing my career as public reader and instructor of elocution I have been frequently asked by teachers and others to name for them such choice selections as, in my judgment, would be suitable for annual commencements, exhibitions, and other occasions. My own public entertainments have been invariably followed by requests for one or more of the given recitals, which had awakened special interest or personal enthusiasm, and which proved to be generally some sketch written especially for myself, or was the manuscript gift of an author or a personal friend. The many appeals thus made have influenced me in putting before the public this collection—the result of long experience and composed almost entirely of unpublished material. It has been culled from many sources, and there is not one fragment which I have not found acceptable to critical and cultured audiences, both here and abroad.

The success of my venture will prove whether I am justified in my belief that a welcome will be extended by the public at large, as well as by those more especially interested, to a volume of wholly new and unique recitals.

I wish especially to express my thanks to Miss Fanny Davenport for so kindly permitting me to publish "Loris Ipanoff's Story," from Sardou's great play of "Fedora;" and also to Mr. J. M. Hill for allowing me to include "Tiger Lily's Race," from "Philip Herne," by Mary H. Fiske. I have recited these two pieces some

hundreds of times, and in giving them to my professional confrères, I feel sure they will still meet with favor.

My indebtedness is also due to Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons and Mr. Eugene Field for "Our Lady of the Mine;" to Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. for Mr. Austin Dobson's "Une Marquise;" to Messrs. Roberts Bros. and Miss Susan Coolidge for "Ginevra;" to Mr. Clinton Scollard for "By the Turret Stair" and "The Ride;" to Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons and Mr. George Parsons Lathrop for "Keenan's Charge," from Mr. Lathrop's "Dreams and Days;" to Mr. Henry Baldwin for "Sackcloth and Ashes;" to Mrs. John Sherwood for "The Sculptor's Vision;" to the Marquise Lanza for "In a Rose Garden;" to the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* and Miss Grace L. Furniss for "His Unbiased Opinion;" to Mr. George T. Davidson for "On the Stairs;" and to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. and Miss Nora Perry for the exclusive right to reprint "To-morrow at Ten," from Miss Perry's poems entitled "New Songs and Ballads."

The Introductions, which in some instances precede the recitals, were written by myself and should in all cases be recited with the selection.

I have intentionally withheld any rules or suggestions for the proper and effective rendering of the selections; such direction can only be given by the *personal* training of a professor of the elocutionary art.

In conclusion let me acknowledge another debt—one beyond me to repay. To my audiences I tender my heartfelt thanks for their appreciation of my efforts hitherto; and until we meet again I ask from them a welcome for this book, which will, I trust, prove an acceptable reminder of the many recitals they have done me the honor to attend.

ROBERT H. HATCH.

New York, September, 1894.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Alfred Evelyn's Description of His Life	Bulwer 64
Aux Italiens	Owen Meredith 104
By the Turret Stair. A.D. 1200	Clinton Scollard 66
Coming Home	Alfred Berlyn 71
Cousins	Winthrop M. Praed 85
Educational Courtship	100
Engaged	117
Fight at Lookout, The	R. L. Cary, Jr. 124
Fireman's Wedding, The.	W. A. Eaton 58
Frank Letter, A	127
Her Answer	89
His Unbiased Opinion	Grace Livingston Furniss 44
Holly Leaves	115
In a Rose Garden	Marquise Clara Lanza 19
John	112
Just Like a Man	113
Keenan's Charge	George Parsons Lathrop 78
Langley Lane	Robert Buchanan 101
Lasca	Frank Desprez 81
Loris Ipanoff's Story	Victorien Sardou 11
Marquette	Rose Hartwick Thorpe 87
My Ship	Adelaide Trowbridge 62
Night Mail North, The	51
On the Stairs	George T. Davidson 68
Our Lady of the Mine	Eugene Field 54
Platonic	William B. Terrett 108
Playing Chess	110
Ride, The	Clinton Scollard 75
Rivals, The	W. A. Eaton 37
Sackcloth and Ashes	Henry Baldwin 30

Sculptor's Vision, The	<i>Mrs. John Sherwood</i>	26
Story of Ginevra, The	<i>Susan Coolidge</i>	95
Surprise, The	<i>Evelyn B. Harvier</i>	119
They Went a-Fishing		123
Tiger Lily's Race	<i>Mary H. Fiske</i>	15
To-Morrow at Ten	<i>Nora Perry</i>	41
Une Marquise	<i>Austin Dobson</i>	91
Valentine, A	<i>George R. Sims</i>	122
Whiff of Violets, A	<i>Edith Sessions Tupper</i>	120
Woodland Sketch, A		121



Robert H. Hatch's Recitals.

LORIS IPANOFF'S STORY.

VICTORIEN SARDOU.

[Published by special permission of Miss Fanny Davenport, who has given to Mr. Hatch the exclusive right to its use.]

* * Slightly altered and arranged for recitation by
Robert H. Hatch.

INTRODUCTION.

THE scene from the third act of Sardou's great emotional play of "Fedora" occurs at her hotel in Paris between Loris Ipanoff and the Princess Fedora, the two principal characters in the play. Accused of being a Nihilist by Fedora, as a reason for a suspected murder which has baffled the Russian police, Ipanoff replies :

"Connected with the Nihilists—I ? Why, what an absurd idea ! No, I killed Vladimir Androvitch on account of a woman—my wife ! My mother is aged, infirm. She lives on her estate, where my brother and I go, in turn, to pass the greater part of the year with her. Last spring I found as her companion, or reader, a young girl, named Wanda—intelligent, pretty, coquet-

tish. To make a long story short, in the solitude of the chateau I was fascinated by her to such a degree that I insisted on marrying her. My mother, who, from her chair, had observed the girl's conduct, declared she would never give her consent, and sent Wanda back to Warsaw. But it was arranged between us she should go and wait for me at St. Petersburg. There our love became riveted still more strongly and deeper than ever.

“Out of respect to my mother's prejudice, in whose house I was staying, I had not installed Wanda there. She lived close by in an apartment furnished for her provisionally, for I still hoped to conquer my mother's resistance; but all my efforts failed; and as Wanda did not spare me many tears and regrets, I resolved to satisfy her and celebrate the religious marriage, on which her heart was set, the civil having already been performed.

“The ceremony took place. Two of my friends were witnesses in the absence of my brother, who, in spite of his great love for me, strongly opposed my conduct, and as it was necessary to find witnesses for Wanda, she presented me to two new Petersburg acquaintances—one an indifferent personage, the other, Vladimir Androvitch. Two weeks later, Vladimir, with whom I had become acquainted more easily, as he lived just opposite me, became so assiduous in his attentions to my wife that I took offence and requested him to cease his visits, which he did with the most perfect good grace, and all relations between us were at an end.

“I now arrive at the evening in question—the fatal night which changed the course of my whole life. I was going to my mother's for the Christmas fête, and had left Wanda deeply grieved at the separation of a whole week. On arriving at the station I found I had forgotten something my mother especially requested me to bring her, so I put off my departure until the next

train, and hailing a drosky on the Newski Prospect hurried home. On reaching my door, I saw Wanda's maid coming from Vladimir's house. She saw me—tried to draw back unobserved. I jumped from the carriage, seized her violently, and drew her into my doorway, and there, overwhelmed and terrified, she betrayed her mistress, and confessed it was a letter she had just taken. The letter said: 'At nine, you know where!' Where?—'where was this?' I demanded of the maid. In her terror she told me—an isolated house on the outskirts of Petersburg, rented for Vladimir under the false name of a student. The maid used to precede her mistress there, light the fire and the lamps. He would come in his sleigh through the gate, while Wanda alighted at the door of a dressmaker's a few steps distant, from thence to a pavilion on foot, through another door,—and this—this had been going on for two whole months,—ever since my marriage!

"What is the matter? Why do you look so pale, Fedora? You doubt me? Wait! wait! Well, I placed the maid in the carriage, we drove to the house. She prepared everything. The hour had arrived. We are in the vestibule without light, she ready to open the door, I hidden in the turn of the staircase. Her role is all arranged—should she falter or give a suspicious sign she is dead. I have my revolver in my hand. Motionless we wait. A ring! 'Tis Vladimir! He enters briskly, throws off his coat.

" 'Has Madame arrived?'

" 'Not yet, Monsieur.'

"He goes up the stairs, disappears on the first floor where I hear him walking to and fro impatiently. Another ring! 'Tis she!

" 'Is he there?'

" 'Yes, Madame.' She goes up the stairs joyously, with a light step, her skirts brush by me as she passes.

“ ‘Now,’ I cry, ‘take this money and never let me hear of you again!’ ”

“The maid rushes into the street. I ascend the stairs to the door of the salon. I listen. They are talking loudly, gaily! I hear my name,—she laughs! Wild with rage, I open the door and dart in. At sight of me she turns from him. I seize her.

“ ‘Leave that woman alone,’ cries Vladimir.

“Furiously I turn on him. My only reply is to aim, fire, and kill him, Fedora, kill! *kill!* KILL!”



TIGER LILY'S RACE.

MARY H. FISKE.

[Published by special permission of Mr. J. M. Hill.]

*.*Abridged and arranged for recitation by Robert H. Hatch.

[The words in brackets are mine, not the author's.—R. H. H.]

INTRODUCTION.

THE scene opens at Mrs. Herne's country mansion on the banks of the Hudson, by Philip Herne (who has just returned from California) saying to his mother :

“It's rather a long story, mother; but this much you shall hear at once: You remember Viscaronda, the Spanish ranchman, whose son was in college with me. Well, we both cut away to his father's place in California. I've been with horses till I'm a sort of Centaur. He's brought a stable of 'flyers' East for the fall meetings, and now I'm the crack rider from the Golden Gate. How came I to embrace such a life? Accident, mother, accident—that shapes a man's fate when education, influence and endeavor are put forth in vain.

“Viscaronda's a charming fellow, and his heart was set on seeing the success of his pet racer, Altamont, on the Oakland track last fall a year. We came down from the ranch with quite a stable. There was Altamont, his half-brother Raoul, Dundee Kate, Estelle, and half a dozen more—all flyers—and in the party the Tiger Lily. Now, the Lily had once been the pride of the Pacific Slope; but for several seasons she'd just eaten her head off, living in clover as the mate of

Estelle. Well, the very day before the opening of the meeting, Altamont broke down. I shall always believe he was tampered with, for he had a walk-over with the entries. Viscaronda was inconsolable. No one of all his steed could fill Altamont's place, and in his grief he burst out:

“ ‘The scoundrels! They've beaten me! Ah, if Kate were only the Tiger Lily that she once was, I'd substitute her for Altamont, and yet redeem the ranch!’ ”

“ Now, for months I had given the Lily a daily brush on the circle, and there had been times when, with a little crowding, she had let out with a burst of her old speed that was electrical. We understood each other. Ah, mother, that's a great thing for a horse and a rider! She'd come to know the touch of my hand, the sound of my voice. She answered the pressure of my knee, and was as much company to me as a human being. I went and looked the Lily over. Glossy, sleek, light-limbed and alert, in her gentle eyes shone a ray of something that might have been recollection. But I tried to believe that the fire still burned, though under ashes; so I just explained things to her, yes, as I would to a human being. And so I told the Lily the strait her master was in. I dwelt upon the necessity of her overcoming the infirmities of age for one brief hour, and I showed her how, in that hour, she could cover herself with glory, confuse the conspirators who were 'downing' her master, and win my heart entirely. I don't know which argument won, but I left her feeling the tingle of success from my fingers to my feet. I went to Viscaronda and said:

“ ‘Put the Lily in Altamont's place, and leave the rest to me!’ Why, mother, I *compelled* belief in that dear old deposed queen of the turf.

“ Oh, you should have heard the sneers that followed the announcement that Viscaronda had substituted the

Tiger Lily of the post for the horse they were all afraid of, and that his rider was an unknown! Altamont's rider was a Mexican; he thought, with the rest, that the failure of the star horse had rattled the old man who believed in your boy. Under the cover of the night I gave my pet a lesson or two; and then the morning broke that was to make or mar me as a prophet—a day as perfect as a pearl. Oh, mother, a California day is a poem in the air! You hear music; you breathe fragrance! You seem set to a tune that is played by your heart! I had another talk with my lady Lily, and even as we came up for the flag, in front of the grand stand, there was something in us both that turned the tide.

“Oh, mother, that was a race! Five were in it, but four were followers. On the home stretch of the first heat, we took the lead and kept it.

“‘Good!’ shrieked the crowd, as they saw the time; ‘but she can’t keep it up! She can’t repeat!’

“Now a triumph that is unexpected always wakes more enthusiasm than a foregone conclusion. There were twenty thousand people on that track, and they went wild over a miracle. They stormed the shed to compliment me and gaze at the mare; but I took my girl aside for further confidences. We were now going in for the deciding heat—it was a heat race—and everything was yet at stake. Oh, mother, I clasped my arms about her neck, and put my face to hers. We promised each other the world if we won. I flung myself upon her back determined and invincible.

“[The flag dropped. We were off and half way round the course while the first hoarse shout of the crowd came to my ears: ‘Tiger Lily wins!’ ‘No, Pioneer!’ ‘No, no! Tiger Lily!’]

“Oh, mother! there was one moment, when Pioneer—an iron-gray horse of great speed—stole up. I glanced at the side, where the green growing things and the

planted posts were flying by like the teeth of a comb—there was a gleam of gray and a flash of red—Pioneer and his rider's crimson jacket! My tightened grasp, my warning knee, conveyed the news of danger to my darling. Her beautiful little head stiffened, the delicate pink nostrils swelled—with a snort of defiance she let out. I was astride the wind! The scent of a hay-rick at the quarter-pole and the Ess. Bouquet of the grand stand, struck me full in the face at one time. Fainter and fainter fell the castanets of Pioneer's feet. [Louder and louder swelled the roar from twenty thousand throats] as alone, victorious, bursting with joy, Tiger Lily and I swept under the wire, [mother, a winner by a length]!"



IN A ROSE GARDEN.

A RECOLLECTION.

MARQUISE CLARA LANZA.

[Written especially for Mr. Robert H. Hatch.]

I REMEMBER that June day mild and mel-
low,
She came along the pathway,
Her hair a-blow and sunlit,
And my heart in its enchantment
Within my breast leaped upward.
The roses hid their crimson
Amid the filmy laces
That draped her fragile shoulders.
Like fire flashed the jewels
On her white throat and fingers.
Her loveliness was fated
To stir the pulse, yet ever
A sinlessness emitted
Like an aureole faintly gleaming.
Our mutual troth was plighted
On that glorious June morning,
And happiness was with me—
The happiness short-sighted
That dwells in present dreaming,
Shutting its bolder vision
To what lies in the future.
Though we lived in roseate Venice,
The garden had been planted
Like those of far-famed Persia,
Where the atmosphere is balmy
With muscadine and ottar.

The air was aromatic
From the mild yet pungent odors
Of the great, deep-scented roses;
And a fountain reared its marble,
In a sort of pallid shining
Among the trees of ilex.
Its watery gems were sparkling
Into a pool where floated
A mass of starry lilies;
A lute flung on the grass-plot
And a volume bound in parchment—
The sonnets of Petrarca—
Did mutely speak of loving
The sad, pale face of Laura
And lingering strains of music.
A fitting place for lovers
To declare their cherished secrets!
But still we are familiar—
We who have loved in living—
With the insolence unbridled,
And the irony unbounded,
Of realities most charming,
That cheat us with glad offers
As human lips with lying.
For the false is always able
To hide its inky contours
Beneath its gorgeous mantle
As fair as she, that morning,
With her tawny hair like amber,
The roses in her bosom
And her girdle from Cellini!
But I had faith in Helen.
I loved her with the rapture
We give to things whose essence,
Combines the sweet and honest.
I had been slow in learning

That a sentence light in meaning
Could be told in tones so solemn,
With words that seemed to carry
The truth unhesitating,
And eyes that knew no flinching
At either glance or question.
Yet I recollect the advent
Of a morning vague and hazy;
A sense of woe relentless,
That quickly threw a blackness
On a joy that was unsullied.
Such thoughts are foolish, doubtless,
I am sure of that.

However,
Though with my mood I pleaded,
I sauntered out at nightfall,
Into the calm rose garden.
The flowers now were slumberous,
Yet frankincense was wafted all about,
And the white moon was lavish
With a radiance that bewildered—
An effulgence cold and chastened.
The warm air scintillated
With a clear, resplendent lustre,
And a burning star shot briskly
Across the vaulted heaven,
Like the plunge of some bright dagger
Into a bosom unsuspecting.
'Twas there I sought for Helen.
I had seen her quickly stepping
Forth from the trellised window,
All wreathed in mossy flowers,
Perchance bent on a ramble
Among the narrow pathways
That twisted like limp ribbons
About the fragrant garden,

And to inhale the odorous perfumes
Of the rosemary and orange,
That grew beyond the terrace.
Then, as I searched impatient,
Longing with lover's ardor,
I heard another footfall—
One certainly not Helen's—
That came behind me gently,
And I saw her Cousin Loris,
Who had left his home but lately
To visit at the villa.
His step was firm and buoyant
And his smile was quiet—careless.
I moved into the shadow
Until he walked beyond me,
Humming a plaintive ballad—
The same *she* had been singing,
To the lute's grave intonation,—
Singing with eyes half tearful,
Fixed full upon my own.
The moonbeams now were falling
In an argent wave unbroken
Upon his figure,
And I followed slowly after,
With my heart quite chilled and heavy.
Ah, well, the old, old story!
Old and yet ever novel!
A faith now bound, now loosened;
The knowledge of things vilest
That seek for vain concealing;
A trust turned into hatred;
A mockery most blatant
Of sentiment held holy;
A youth that grows to age
Within a fleeting moment.
I found her waiting for him—

Waiting for him!
She who that very morning
Had given me her promise
In words of honest transport!
And I saw her fair head bending,
With its triple golden fillets,
And its flashing gleams of amber
All whitened by the moonlight—
Bending in charmed disquiet—
To touch his lips with hers.
And upward crept the odor
Of bergamot and ottar
And the scent of the roses that she wore.
But to me the present vanished—
Vanished with its beauty,
Leaving a void most bitter,
And the echo of a happiness forever past.
I heard enough to tell me
They two had long been lovers,
But both were poor;
While I—well, let it pass—
It's over now and done with.
Philosophy doth teach us
That everything that happens
Is always for our welfare.
I paused not for reproving.
I went my way thenceforward,
Refusing all explanation
From her or him.
And later when the first sharp pain subsided,
In after years, I smiled at my own folly;
For life is meant for loving,
And love is always with us.
The cruel, poignant sorrow,
That turns the heart to granite,
We can force away from nature,

And mend our broken pleasures
Where the glistening threads are severed.
In the richly-spiced rose garden
The blossoms are not blooming
Less sweetly for what happened.
The scent spreads out ambrosial;
The lute lies on the stairway
That leads up to the loggia
Close by the fountain's marble.
And there are still dainty fingers
To sweep the strings, caressing
Fingers bedecked with jewels,
And lips to sing, pathetic,
The love-songs of Petrarca—
Not Helen's hand nor accents,
But others very different.
For if one love plays truant
Is not another coming?
Alice is far more lovely,
She has hair of raven blackness
And a face like alabaster
Illumined by the sunlight.
If *she* should prove unkindly—
Ah, what of that!
A passing disappointment,
An hour of regretting—
A gnawing *here*—the anguish
Is short-lived at the utmost.
But when the winter's buried
In its shroud of spangled snow-drift,
And summer bursts to being,
Another love will greet me—
One of delight supernal,
As each successive springtide
Doth ever seem much fairer

Than those that once have flowered.

* * * * *

Yet somehow—there's a memory
That haunts with grim persistence—
The thought of Helen—waiting—
All whitened by the moonlight,
'Mid the rosemary and orange,
In the slumbering rose garden;
Her eyes masked by soft languor
Like starlight veiled by vapor,
Plunged into orbs impassioned;
Her ripe lips, red and longing
Upon *his* lips pressed closely—
From which hour Love and Faith went
Out of my life, *never* to come again!



THE SCULPTOR'S VISION.

MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD.

["MY DEAR MR. HATCH:

"I have been so pleased with your rendering of my poem, 'The Sculptor's Vision,' that I beg you to accept it as yours, and to present it at your coming recital as your own.

"Ever truly yours,

M. E. W. SHERWOOD."]

A SCULPTOR was moulding the amber-brown clay,
As he sat in his innermost room;
A cloud like a wing had come sailing that way,
And deepened and darkened the delicate gloom
Which the vine-leaves, and orange-trees made in the
room,
And cast its soft shadow, which followed the ray,
O'er three lovely angels—three angels in clay—
The dream of the sculptor, the work of his hands
In the Roman deposits—those world-renowned sands—
And the soil of the mountains, the sculptor's best clay,
Which Tiber brings down in his world-renowned way.
And he mournfully mused, as the spatula wrought:
"Alas! is my labor but play?
In saddest sincerity Angelo sought
To put his great soul in the clay.
Here stand my three angels, my dream and my thought.
Unworthy these daughters of dreamland they seem,
Unworthy the soil of our Tiber's rich stream,
Unworthy the richness of amber-brown clay,
Which Tiber brings down in his world-renowned
way."

And he thought of old Angelo saddened and poor,
Who watched the proud world turn away from his door,

And he wondered if gratitude were but a name,
Or if there was life-blood in what we call fame.
Then he said to himself, half in fear, half in shame :

“ I shall call these three angels Ambition, and Love,
And Gratitude—she the most stately of all ;
For she is the angel who surely bears sway

At the great gate of heaven, which opens above
When we shall be angels and cease to be clay.

Ambition may lead us to climb up the height,
And Love may enwrap us in worldly delight,
But Gratitude brings us to kneel and to pray,
The kind deed to utter, the soft word to say.
I would I could mould her in amber-brown clay,
Which Tiber brings down in his world-renowned way !”

A sunbeam came stealing the orange-boughs through,
And filled the whole room with a joy that was new ;
And it fell on the brow the most stately and pure.
He looked at his hands, which were stained with the clay,
And he wished that two hands which were whiter than
they

Would come down and straighten that line of the brow,
A nimbus of glory encircled it now,
And the mouth, which had been what a bee loves to sip,
Seemed to open, with goddess-like smile on the lip ;
And he saw that two hands (which were whiter than
they

That had built up the statue) were touching the clay
Which Tiber brought down in his world-renowned way.

The soft steps were moving, as winds whispered o'er ;
Then he heard a low voice, disregarded before.
The light came and went ; there was rustling of wings,
Like a breath of the twilight when nightingale sings ;
And the rich Roman landscape his casement defined
Before his stunned senses was sharply outlined ;
And three soft voices sang, disregarded before,

And they said: "Go and work for the blind and the
poor;

Go visit the sick in their infinite need;
Care not for the world, with its gilding and greed;
Care not for Ambition, it lasts but a day,
And hope not for Love, for she comes not to stay!
But while you are giving, we'll work at the clay
Which Tiber brings down in his world-renowned way."

He left, for a season, all dreams of his art;
He took of the burdens of life his full part;
He sought out the weary; he sped on his way
The poor, fallen brother; the woman who weeps
He raised from the cauldron which poverty steeps;
And with one little hand of a lame beggar boy
Held fast in his own, he entered with joy
His garret again, to resume his loved sway
Over graver and rule, and to touch that dear clay
Which Tiber brings down in his world-renowned way.

What sight met his eyes as he opened the door?
A sunlight so brilliant that never before
E'en in sunlighted Rome, where Apollo still beams,
Had a glory so golden brought life to his dreams!
His statues were finished. The angels had wrought
To give the poor sculptor his dream and his thought;
And he knew that a purpose had moulded the clay
Which Tiber brings down in his world-renowned way.

A moment of silence before he could speak—
These angels were mighty, the sculptor was weak.
But the beggar boy questioned: "She's sweetest of
all—

What call you that lady so calm and so tall,
So like the Madonna, who stands by the wall?"
"That, boy, is sweet Gratitude; this one is Love;
They, boy, are the angels who surely bear sway

At the great gate of heaven which opens above,

When we shall be angels and cease to be clay!
The other's Ambition, so proud and so wild."

"I like not her face," said the questioning child;

"But when you first taught me to kneel and to pray,
Sweet Gratitude came to my bedside and smiled—

Stretched her arms to me then, as she does from the
clay

Which Tiber brings down in his world-renowned-way."



SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

HENRY BALDWIN.

A LENTEN DIALOGUE AT MRS. WASHINGTON SWAGGER'S
AFTERNOON TEA.

[Written especially for Mr. Robert H. Hatch.]

INTRODUCTION.

IT is Easter week, and Mrs. Washington Swagger has asked two young ladies to assist her in receiving at her first afternoon tea. One of them arrives somewhat earlier than is necessary, but, being perfectly at home in the house, descends to the drawing-room long before the hostess. Soon there is a ring at the door; a muffled figure grasping a lengthy train glides up the staircase, and not many minutes elapse before the second young lady appears. She pauses in the doorway, glances about her with a nervous little toss of the head and then throws up her hands with a faint shriek and trips down the long room.

“Why, Gladys! You *dear* thing! Mrs. Swagger said I’d find you here. I *must* kiss you again. Why, I haven’t laid eyes on you for a century!”

“I always wondered how old you really were, Madge! Well, my dear, if you *will* insist on attending St. Solomon’s in the swim instead of St. Sebastian’s in the slums, you needn’t expect to see me during Lent, though I called on you at least a million times. Let’s go into the other room; this is like a furnace! What a *dream* that gown of yours is! That dark red is just the thing for your complexion.”

“Oh, Gladys, I’m *so* relieved! You’re a double-

plated angel, as Jack Stuyvesant says! But I'm awfully afraid everybody will suspect that it didn't cost more than a hundred and twenty-five dollars. And how sweetly that blue goes with your hair! But I don't believe in talking about dress. I think women ought to live for higher things. Oh, you needn't laugh! I've been having real serious meditations. I think we ought to lift our thoughts up, up—my goodness! There's a basting-thread in the bottom of your skirt!"

"What on earth took you out so much, Madge? Church?"

"Church! Why the idea! You must think I had nothing to do. I would have returned some of your calls if I hadn't had so many engagements—well, possibly not the whole million, but a hundred thousand, anyway. Why, I haven't had a minute to myself."

"Aha! You sly thing you! How many minutes did Jack Stuyvesant get?"

"Oh, you goose! I *knew* you would say that! You saw me walking with him just once, Gladys, last Thursday. You might have known I was trying to reform him."

"He needs it. He revels altogether too much in his own society."

"Well, I don't care! He's just the politest man that ever breathed! Sherry Huyler says he noticed him once looking behind him at his own shadow, and he came to the conclusion that Jack was begging it to excuse his back. No, when you saw us I was trying to make him promise not to send me a box of bonbons. I told him I couldn't even taste one and he said I needn't; that I could keep them at hand so as to have something to resist. People always get the better of me in an argument, somehow."

"You don't mean to tell me you gave in?"

"Gracious, no! I kept them till Monday, and then

I didn't stop till I saw the bottom of the box. A real Saratoga trunk of a box it was, too, my dear. Well, it was the same way with the theatrical news. I saved all the papers and devoured them with the bonbons. What a stock accumulates during six weeks! Aren't you crazy to see that new Englishman act?"

"Dying! They say he's simply angelic as a lover, and beats his wife horribly when he's at home."

"Oh, how interesting! I do like to have men individual."

"You might have kept up with the theatres, if it was Lent. You could have read a sermon in the *Sunday Herald*, you know, and then a teenty-weenty mite of a paragraph about Kelcey or de Reszké, and then you could have skimmed over one of those real pious editorials in the *Sun*, and gone back to Kelcey and de Reszké. It wouldn't have hurt you a particle."

"Oh Gladys! I never thought of that. How clever you are "

"Dorothy Waldorf says she never even glanced at a theatre poster. Now, there's a girl of principle for you!"

"Oh, isn't she? Nannie Flouncer says *she's* lost all her principle. Why, she met Sothern in front of Lord & Taylor's, one day, and she actually had to go in and look at the Spring goods to get him out of her head, and then she lay awake half the night planning new frocks, so she came to the conclusion that that was every bit as bad. Well, to go back. The reason why I was out so much was that I had to rehearse for those theatricals for the Widows' Colored Memorial Home—I mean the Colored Memorial Widows' Home—well, you know what I mean—it's one of St. Solomon's charities, and our new rector said we girls ought to take an interest in it, and we felt ashamed not to, don't you know; he's so handsome!"

"Why, Madge! I didn't know you had any dramatic talent!"

"Oh, my love, I haven't! No more have the others. Jack Stuyvesant says we ought to have given the plays in Lent, it would have been such discipline for the audience. I'm sure people ought to pay well to see such cavortings; the chance comes only once in a lifetime."

"Is this the outcome of your Shakespeare Club?"

"Shakespeare Club? Oh, yes, we did start one, but some of the girls said Shakespeare was perfectly grand, but that he was awfully pokey to read, just the same; so we took up Ouida instead. They made Sue Leslie president; I don't know why, I'm sure, unless because she's so strong-minded."

"She must be strong-minded if she really refused seventeen offers last summer at Bar Harbor."

"Oh, I don't know. They were all from the same man. Well, I only repeat what's told me. They say she's one of those 'advanced' creatures—trims her own hats, don't you know."

"Then you didn't vote for her?"

"No, and you wouldn't, if you could have seen the way her gown fitted in the back. I wanted Ethel Marabout to go in, she's so æsthetic; such a high-strung, sensitive creature! Why, do you know she can't even think of ice-cream without sneezing! If I'd only had the ghost of an idea that she wouldn't be elected I'd have put in more."

"More what?"

"Ballots, child! I only put in three. The one who gets the most gets the office, of course. Oh, I don't wonder men adore politics! I never knew anything so exciting!"

"I saw the top of your head at the Dashaway's reception. I just flew in and flew out. The Bowling Club met that afternoon, you know, and the History

Class, and the Anti-Cigarette Society, too, so I couldn't stay. I hear they had dancing. Did you indulge?"

"No, I don't ever intend to dance in mid-Lent. I don't believe in relaxing one iota. Well, to be perfectly honest, I *did* take a few steps with Sherry Huyler, just to see if I'd forgotten how. But I've known him all my life, so I don't call that breaking resolutions. There wasn't much dancing. Mrs. Dashaway said she wanted the thing rather subdued. Well, there was a girl there whose aunt married a bishop, and there was a gentleman who had written a novel without any love in it, and somebody told a story about a trip on a canal boat; so, altogether, it was what one might call a religious assembly."

"What else have you been doing to mortify the flesh?"

"Oh, going to some Astronomy lectures. I supposed I was going to get some new ideas, but it was the same old lingo we all learned at school—how the world revolves around Jupiter, and the planets have tails millions of miles long,—facts a mere child ought to know by instinct!"

"I don't wonder you were disgusted if that was what Professor Borer told you! However, you found solace in your cooking class, doubtless?"

"Yes, indeed! I learned lots of new things—how to make caramels, for one. Jack Stuyvesant says that sort of thing's all very well, but that business men can't live on caramels. I don't know who asked him to live on caramels! Don't you hate these practical people?"

"I wish I could have kept on in the sewing class. It was so pleasant to have the men dropping in with the latest news! I suppose some of their talk was nothing but scandal, but, somehow or other, when a *man* tells you a thing it doesn't sound like scandal, does it, Madge?"

"Yes, wasn't it awfully jolly! I haven't the remotest idea what we sewed for, have you? How much did I do? Well, I made three button-holes; that's more than some of the girls accomplished."

"There's going to be a Walking Club next year, and what with the Paderewski Adoration Society and the Society for the Discovery of Feminine Girls, we *shall* have our hands full. Don't you dread it? To tell the honest truth, I'm glad Lent's over. I'm tired to death!"

"So am I, Gladys; literally worn to a thread. And yet, there wasn't as much going on as usual this year. By the bye, don't you want some tickets to our theatricals?"

"Oh, of course! How much are they?"

"Only five dollars apiece!"

"Yes, I'll take one; and don't you want some to the reading for the benefit of our Bootblacks' Social Union?"

"It would be a privilege, I assure you. How much are they?"

"Oh, only five dollars apiece!"

"Oh, but see here. I wouldn't make anything in that case, would I?"

"Why, yes. You get your money back, don't you see?"

"To be sure. What a head you have for mathematics, Gladys! You really ought to be in Wall Street. Well, if there isn't Jack Stuyvesant! What on earth brought him here, do you suppose, ahead of time? Where are you going, Gladys?"

"I'll be back presently. Simpkins hasn't arranged those palms in the hall properly."

[Enter MR. STUYVESANT, *partially obscured by his boutonnière.*]

"Ah, Mr. Stuyvesant! Charmed to see you. But how early you've come!"

"Ahead of time? Yes, I suppose it's bad form; but you seem to have no objections, so I think I'll stay."

"I should like to inquire, Mr. Stuyvesant, if you flatter yourself that you can read my thoughts?"

"Oh, I take it for granted that your spirit is chastened by your long abstinence. You can submit to anything with resignation."

"Yes, anything."

"I say, Madge, I wish you'd make one more sacrifice, just to please me."

"Perhaps I can, Jack. What is it?"

"Marry me. I know I'm springing this on you suddenly. I know this isn't the place to do it. I know I ain't good-looking, but—hang it—I've got lots of style, and there's no end of cash in the family, don't you know, and you've just got hold of my heart, somehow. I suppose that isn't the proper way to put it, but I never was much on etiquette and propriety. I say, Madge, that's why I came early. I knew you'd be here, and I couldn't wait another minute. I don't care for their hot slops and biscuits! I shan't eat another morsel, anyway, till you say 'yes'."

"I'm afraid you'll have to make a sacrifice to please me, Jack."

"By Jove, I'll do it! You don't want to live in Jersey, I hope?"

"No, it's a greater sacrifice than that, even."

"Well, I'm not going to back out. I'll cut myself down to fifteen cigars a day—I'll pay my tailor's bill—I'll give up the races—what is it you ask?"

"That you'll give me up cheerfully, Jack. I'm engaged to Sherry Huyler—ah, now, Jack, don't be angry! Let us be real good friends—and you *will* be one of my ushers, won't you, Jack, dear?"

THE RIVALS.

W. A. EATON.

[Written specially for Mr. Robert H. Hatch. The poem has never been published, either here or abroad. All rights are reserved.]

SWEET Nellie Green was the belle of our town;
Her eyes and her hair were a delicate brown,
Her lips were like rubies, her cheeks like the rose,
A poet would rave on the shape of her nose;
Her voice, when she sang, was sweet music indeed,
And her laughter like bells ringing soft o'er the mead.
No wonder that Nellie became the proud boast
Of the oldest inhabitant, and the great toast
Of all the young fellows for many miles round—
They vowed that her equal could never be found.
No wonder that she was surrounded with beaus,
Who, from being fast friends, became deadly foes.
But the two she most favored were Harry and Joe,
Though neither had asked her to say "Yes" or "No"!
She had met them at picnic, at boat race and ball,
She accepted their presents, and thanked them for all.
She had met them together, and met them apart,
But neither had asked her the state of her heart.
And Harry, he thought: "If it were not for Joe,
I could win the affections of Nellie, I know!"
And Joe he declared: "If it were not for Harry,
I'd go straight to Nellie and ask her to marry!"
Now, things could not long go on at this rate,
And sad is the sequel I have to relate!
One day, Joe declared he no longer would tarry,
But he'd find out a way to get rid of young Harry.
And Harry, that very same morning, I know,

Had fully determined to get rid of Joe.

It happened they met near sweet Nellie Green's door.
Said Joe to young Harry: "You here? Well, I'm sure!"

Then indignantly answered young Harry to Joe,
"I've as much right as you have to be here, I know!"
"Pooh! pooh!" answered Joe, "I repeat it—pooh,
pooh!"

Do you think that my Nellie would once look at you?"
"Your Nellie!" said Harry, "you talk very fine;
I came here on purpose to claim her as mine!"
"To claim her as yours? Ha, ha, ha! Well, that's good!"

I suppose you would steal her, sir, if you could!"
"What! you call me a thief? That insult I'll not brook!"

I call you a coward, for all your proud look!"
The disputants had got very red in the face,
And a crowd of small boys gathered round them apace.
"Give him one in the eye," said a butcher boy then;
"If he gives you a prop, you must prop him again!"
And a printer's boy yelled: "Come on, lads! here's a fight!"

And the small boys sent up one long shriek of delight.
Then said Harry to Joe: "We shall get in disgrace;
We must fight, sir—aye, fight—but not in this place.
In the morning at six, in the park, over there,
My weapons are pistols. I'm a good shot—beware!"
"Agreed!" answered Joe, "so farewell until then;
I shall order my chop to be ready at ten;
And if I *should* fall, that arrangement will do—
The chop I can't eat will do nicely for you!"
The sun rose next morning as bright as could be,
And shed its warm rays on mountain and lea;
But it shone in one spot with a lustre most fair,
A quiet little nook in the "park, over there."

And up rose our heroes, but not very bright,
As if they had not had a very good night.
And each very slowly began to prepare,
For the little set-to in the park, over there.
At length, rather late, they arrived at the place,
But could scarcely be said to stand face to face;
For, as if he objected his fellow to slay,
Each marksman was turning his optics away.
The pistols were loaded, the seconds were there,
To see that arrangements were carried out fair.
The signal was given; they fired the first shot,
But neither combatant seemed getting it hot!
If the truth I must tell, they fired rather wide;
No wonder at all that their shots glanced aside,
For that's what our heroes had done all the while,
And you know that "a miss is as good as a mile."
They had loaded, I think, for the forty-first time—
But I'll stick to the truth, though it injure my rhyme—
And were just getting ready to pop off again,
When a carriage drove up, and the driver drew rein,
And they saw a young swell and a lady inside,
Sitting there just as cozy as bridegroom and bride.
Now the lady stepped out—just imagine the scene—
That lady was beautiful, sweet Nellie Green!
Poor Harry looked blue and poor Joe he turned black,
And both of them heartily wished themselves back.
Said Nellie: "Ah! gentlemen, what a sad sight,
To see such old cronies now fall out and fight!
I'm ashamed of you both! Put your pistols away,
Confess that this warfare was only in play."
They both looked so sheepish, she said, with a laugh:
"You'll excuse a little innocent chaff,
But how many shots does it take to kill two?
There was quite a dozen, I think, dear, don't you?"
She said to the gentleman standing close by;
And then, with a sly little gleam in her eye,

“I’m happy to hear there are no broken bones——
Oh, this is my husband, Sir Anthony Jones!”
Yes, it was the truth, and could not be denied,
They were what they looked like—a bridegroom and
bride!

While they fought like dogs fighting over some bones.
The prize had been won by Sir Anthony Jones!

MORAL.

Young men who are lovesick, oh, be warned in time,
And mark well the moral of this simple rhyme:
Oh, never get fighting—of pistols beware;
And if you would cook, you must first catch your hare!



TO-MORROW AT TEN.

A NEWPORT IDYL.

NORA PERRY.

[Miss Perry has given to Mr. Robert H. Hatch the exclusive right to publish this poem, outside of her own works.]

HOW the band plays to-night all those lovely
Strauss airs

That I danced here last year, or sat out on the stairs
With Mulready, and Blakesley, and Beresford Brett—

“Little Brett” he was called by the rest of the set.

Ah! there’s that perfect “Blue Danube;” oh, dear,

How I wish that Mulready or Blakesley were here!

What’s to-day or to-night to the nights that are fled?

What’s the rose that I hold to the rose that is dead?

But speaking of roses reminds me of those

That I wore at the French-frigate ball at the close

Of the season. ’Twas early in breezy September,

Just a little bit coolish and chill, I remember,

But a heavenly fair night; and the band how it played!

And how to its music we waltzed there, and stayed

Deep into the midnight, or morning, before

We thought of departure. That rowing to shore

In the chill and the dark I shall never forget;

At my left hand sat Blakesley, and at my right Brett,

Whispering soft, foolish words—Brett, not Blakesley, I
mean,

For Blakesley was dumb. But under the screen

Of the sea-scented darkness, I saw him quite clear

Kiss the rose that I wore above my left ear.

Ah! as soft on my cheek I felt the light touch
Of his breath as he bent there, my heart beat with such
A wild pulse for a moment, that, giddy and faint,
I turned to the breeze with a sudden complaint
Of the air I found close: and the air was like wine—
A strong western wind from a sky clear and fine.
It was just at that moment our boat came to land,
And I stumbled and fell as I stepped on the sand,
And 'twas Brett's arm that caught me: I never knew
quite,

What I said in that instant; I thought, in the night,
It was Blakesley who held me, and Blakesley, it seems,
Was somewhere behind, and—oh, foolish old dreams
Of that dead and gone time! for what do I care
For the things of last year, its mistakes or despair,
When to-day and to-night show such untroubled skies,
And laid at my feet is the season's great prize
For my taking or leaving; to-morrow at ten,
I'm to give him my answer—this prize amongst men.
Of course I have made up my mind to accept,
And to-night I must burn up that rose I have kept,
And the notes signed "T. B.," and must cease to recall
That foolish old time of the French-frigate ball.
Tom Blakesley, indeed! just as if I should care
For that stupid—hark! there's a step on the stair;
And I told John to-night to say "Not at home,"
To any and all of my friends that might come;
And he's hunting me out with some card he has brought,
The donkey! Now, John—Mr. Blakesley! I thought—
Oh, Tom! Tom! let me go. How can you—how dare!
What! you thought that I chose little Beresford there
That night in the boat and that you—let me go, sir.
You're the stupidest man—a whole year! Don't you
know, sir,
That to-morrow—what's that?—in Egypt and Rome

All this year, and a meeting with Brett sent you home
In hot haste—and 'twas love, love, you say,
And despair that sent you and kept you away?
H'm—well, it may be; but, you see, other men
Have not been so dull; and to-morrow at ten
I'm to give—what is that? You've been ill all this
year?

Come home but to die?—oh, Tom, Tom, my dear,
Not to die, but to live; and I my refusal I'll give
To-morrow at ten; and you, and you'll stay, Tom—
dear—and live?



HIS UNBIASSED OPINION.

GRACE LIVINGSTON FURNISS.

[Published by permission of Miss Grace Livingston Furniss and the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*.]

. Slightly altered and arranged for public reading
by Robert H. Hatch.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MRS. GATHERUM-JONES, who adores celebrities.

MISS CHESTER DABNEY, who wrote "A Gilded Pill."

MR. CHILLINGSBY BLIGHT, whose opinion is final.

Scene: A flirtation nook, opening from MRS. GATHERUM-JONES's ballroom.

MISS CHESTER DABNEY is discovered peeping through entrance. Music and hum of voices come from off. Enter MRS. G.-J. CHESTER advances to meet her.

MRS. G.-J. *So glad to see you, my dear Chester! So glad!*

CHESTER. *So kind of you! What an alarming crush you have! I was afraid to venture in.*

MRS. G.-J. I've got quantity—but quality? [*With gesture of despair.*] Not one new celebrity!

CH. [*looking off*]. Isn't that Bangerefsky by the piano?

MRS. G.-J. Yes; but he is in a frightful temper, and won't play. What does he fancy I asked him for?

CH. What, indeed! But I see—one—two poets, eight novelists, an actor, and three critics. Enough lions to start a menagerie.

MRS. G.-J. [*pathetically*]. All last season's; and last year's lions are this year's bores. Positively, you and Chillingsby Blight are——

CH. Chillingsby Blight, the critic?

MRS. G.-J. Yes; is it not a triumph? I have told him all about your dear book.

CH. You didn't tell him I wrote "A Gilded Pill?"

MRS. G.-J. Certainly. I have prepared everyone to meet you. Come! [*Takes her arm.*]

CH. [*drawing back*]. I won't—I can't be presented as the author of "A Gilded Pill."

MRS. G.-J. Surely, you are not ashamed of it?

CH. No, only tired of being a tag on my own book. Before I wrote it I had friends. Now, I only make curious acquaintances, who stare, and question, and—and are perfectly horrid.

MRS. G.-J. The penalty of fame. Come, my dear. [*Takes her arm again.*]

CH. [*resisting*]. Please, really I cannot run the gauntlet. I know the process so well. [*Imitating.*] "Who is she? What did *she* do? Soh! soh! 'Gilded Pill.' Oh! not bad-looking—for a literary woman! Next!" No, no!

MRS. G.-J. Nonsense!

CH. Present me as Miss Dabney. Please, Mrs. Gatherum-Jones! Let them find out for themselves if I am clever.

MRS. G.-J. How could they? At least—you know what I mean.

[*Enter CHILLINGSBY BLIGHT hurriedly; looks about haggardly.*]

BLIGHT. Peace at last! [*Perceiving ladies.*] No, caught again. [*Bows.*]

MRS. G.-J. [*gushingly*]. Ah, my dear Mr. Blight, I want you to meet this foolish girl——

BL. Charmed. [*Bows.*]

MRS. G.-J. Mr. Blight, my dear Chester, is our most dreaded critic. His word is final, his——

VOICE OFF. Mr. Claude Errol!

MRS. G.-J. [*ecstatically*]. Claude Errol, the author of those naughty, naughty poems! My evening is turning out a success. Pardon! [*Hurries out.*]

BL. [*aside*]. I wonder what she goes in for? [*Aloud.*] You have read Errol's book?

CH. [*severely*]. Certainly not.

BL. [*hopefully*]. Then you are not an advanced woman, Miss—er—pardon, was Chester the name?

CH. My name is Chester. [*Aside.*] He don't know me. Delightful!

BL. And you—er—pardon me again, but Mrs. Gatherum-Jones's guests generally—er—er——

CH. Generally are someone. I can give no excuse for living. I am just a plain, ordinary——

BL. Plain, ordinary, pretty girl. More and more charming.

CH. You object to clever girls?

BL. I prefer fascinating ones. [*Points this with an insinuating look.*]

CH. [*laughing*]. You are clever, are you not?

BL. I must refer you to my obituary notices.

CH. Ridiculous! But, seriously, why don't you like clever women?

BL. Because they are all dead.

CH. Why, don't you know——

BL. I know an army of brightly imitative women in all departments of art. Charming dabblers——

CH. Dabblers! Think of——

BL. Oh, oh! A few exceptions proved the rule—and died in the attempt.

CH. Really!

BL. Angry?

CH. No; but I can assure you I know—oh! lots of clever, brilliant, conscientious women.

BL. Which of them has made a new departure in literature?

CH. [*confused*]. Departure?

BL. Yes. Ah, you see! Women are like the Chinese: they imitate with dexterity, execute with celerity, adapt with rapacity, but originate—never.

CH. How crushing! I begin to fear you.

BL. You need not. A womanly woman commands my respectful admiration.

CH. Are brains unwomanly?

BL. Apparently.

CH. Oh!

BL. Every day, some feminine aspirant demands my unbiassed opinion of her book, or my life.

CH. Well?

BL. She gets my life: at least, I shorten it by hunting for something to say.

CH. I should tell her the truth.

BL. Impossible! There are always some pathetic extenuating circumstances in the way. Her work is deplorable, but—she has a sick father, or husband; or she is a gifted widow with ten children, or a consumptive orphan. In short, I cannot give her my unbiassed opinion.

CH. [*nervously*]. There are others. Suppose—just for fun—suppose I had written a novel.

BL. Heaven forbid!

CH. But suppose I had—just for fun—wouldn't you give *me* your unbiassed opinion?

BL. Suppose I did. And suppose—just for fun—that you cried, and called me monster?

CH. As if I would! But I am not a clever woman.

BL. The woman who does not publish a book to prove her ignorance, is very clever, negatively.

CH. [*much irritated*]. Please don't fan me! I—I—well, I think women are just as original as men.

BL. They are nicer.

CH. More original.

BL. Name one—alive; dead don't count.

CH. I will. Did you ever read—a—a—"A Gilded Pill?"

BL. Yes.

CH. [*fiercely*]. It is considered to be a new departure.

BL. Oh, yes; the author is like a balky horse—she departs from the beaten track backwards into a ditch.

CH. So that is your unbiassed opinion?

BL. Certainly.

CH. Why didn't you write a criticism and tell her so?

BL. I did. I was almost as funny as I could be. Touched it up in my most sportively sarcastic vein, and then——

CH. And then——

BL. Suppressed it at the request of Mrs. Gatherum-Jones. There is the usual pathetic reason: Miss Dabney is an orphan, and my critique might have injured the sale of her book.

CH. Oh! and I——*Do* tell me what you said, Mr. Blight! I am a very intimate friend of Miss Dabney.

BL. [*taking out note-book*]. Do you care for the flavor of minced friend?

CH. It's mental ice-cream soda to me. Go on! *Please!*

BL. You won't tell her?

CH. [*burlesquing*]. I swear that she shall never know your unbiassed opinion, unless you read it to her yourself!

BL. [*laughing*]. I shall never place myself in such an embarrassing position. Oh, no! [*Opens book.*] I believe she is here to-night.

CH. [*demurely*]. Yes; she is very much here.

BL. [*turning over pages*]. Is she pretty?

CH. No; but she's—she's— Please go on.

BL. [*reading*]. “‘A Gilded Pill’ is a striking example of the useless in fiction—as it is equally false to life and art, and neither amuses nor instructs.”

CH. [*gasping*]. Oh! Oh! Now—go on!

BL. [*reading*]. “It, however, introduces us to an entirely new type of hero——”

CH. [*brightly*]. Yes!

BL. “Who would shine resplendent as a freak, from his remarkable physique. In addition to the conventional marble brow and chiseled lips, Claude Lorraine possesses the torso of Apollo, midnight hair, one cold steel eye, one arm of Hercules, the lope of a tiger, and the fierce temper of his Arabian mother. When we add that he combines the intellect of the village idiot with the morals of a thug, we have simply rounded out Miss Dabney’s portrait of a happily impossible man——”

CH. Ah!

BL. [*folding up book*]. His love scenes are ineffably brutal.

CH. You mean strong.

BL. [*dryly*]. A dog fight is strong.

CH. I mean strong! Ah, I understand now your prejudice against women. You are jealous!

BL. Jealous!

CH. Critics are stunted authors, pickled in disappointment.

BL. Oh, I say——

CH. Revenging their own failures on their successful rivals.

BL. Why make such a personal matter of this ?

CH. [*tragically*]. Why ?

[*Enter Mrs. G.-J.*] My dear, you must come. Everyone is simply wild to meet the author of "A Gilded Pill."

BL. [*with agony*]. You wrote it ?

CH. Yes.

BL. Your name is not Chester ?

CH. My name is Chester Dabney.

BL. And I——

MRS. G.-J. You did not know ? What a pity !

CH. [*hysterically*]. Not at all, for—thanks to the misunderstanding—I have had the dubious pleasure of receiving Mr. Blight's unbiassed opinion of my book. Let us go ! [*Exits with Mrs. G.-J.*]

BL. [*starting up*]. Miss Dabney ! One moment ! Ah, truth, truth ! Why did you ever leave your well ?



THE NIGHT MAIL NORTH.

EUSTON SQUARE, 1840.

INTRODUCTION.

AN unfortunate man in Edinburgh was sentenced to be hung. Subsequently it was discovered, within a few hours of his execution, that he was innocent. As he was to die speedily, it was necessary that his pardon should reach Edinburgh before break of day. Telegraphing would have been of no avail, as his pardon, signed by the Home Secretary, should be presented to the prison authorities. Now, every night, from Euston Square Station, in London, are dispatched two trains that are known throughout the kingdom, for their great speed, as the "Wild Irishman" and the "Flying Scotchman," the former for the West of England, the latter for the North and Scotland. Also, at the Station were barriers to prevent the passengers from entering the railway carriages after the signal to start had been sounded. When the whistle for the train to move was heard, the platform gates were closed, and the railway officials inflexibly refused entrance to all late comers, without distinction.

"Now, then, take your seats for Glasgow and the
North;
Chester!—Carlisle!—Holyhead!—and the wild Frith
of Forth!
Clap on the steam, and sharp's the word,
You men in scarlet cloth.

“ Are there any more pas—sengers
For the Night—Mail—to the North ? ”
Are there any more passengers ?

Yes, three—but they can't get in—
Too late, too late ! How they hollo and knock !
They might as well try to soften a rock
As the heart of that fellow in green.

For the Night Mail North ? What ho—
(No use to struggle, you can't get thro')
My young and lusty one—
Whither away from the gorgeous town ?
For the lake, and the stream, and the heather
brown,
And the double-barrelled gun,
For the Night Mail North, I say ?

You with the eager eyes—
You with the haggard face and pale ?
From a ruined hearth and a starving brood,
A crime and a felon's gaol !
For the Night Mail North, old man ?—
Old statue of despair—
Why tug and strain at the iron gate ?
“ My daughter ! ”

Ha ! too late, too late !
She is gone, you may safely swear ;
She has given you the slip, d'ye hear ?
She has left you alone in your wrath—
And she's off and away, with a glorious start,
To the home of her choice, with the man of
her heart,
By the Night Mail North !

Wh—ish, r—ush, wh—ish, r—ush !
“ What's all that hullabaloo ?

Keep fast the gates there—who is this
That insists on bursting through ?”
A desperate man whom none may withstand,
For look, there is something clenched in his hand—
Though the bearer is ready to drop—
He waves it wildly to and fro,
And hark! how the crowd are shouting below—
“Back!”

And back the opposing barriers go.
“A reprieve for the Cannongate murderer, ho!
In the Queen’s name—
Stop!
Another has confessed the crime.”

Whish—rush—whish—rush—
To the guard he flings the flutt’ring sheet,
Now forward and northward, fierce and fleet,
Through the mist and the dark, and the driving
sleet,
As if life and death were in it;
’Tis a splendid race—a race against time—
And a thousand to one we win it!

Look at those flitting ghosts—
The white-armed finger-posts—
If we’re moving the eighth of an inch, I say,
We’re going a mile a minute!
A mile a minute—for life or death—
Away, away! though it catches one’s breath,
The man shall not die in his wrath!
The quivering carriages rock and reel—
Hurrah! for the rush of the grinding steel,
The thundering crank and the mighty wheel!
A man’s life
Saved by the Night Mail North!

OUR LADY OF THE MINE

EUGENE FIELD.

[By permission of Mr. Eugene Field and Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.]

THE Blue Horizon wuz a mine, us fellers all thought
well uv,

'Nd there befell the episode I now perpose to tell uv.

'Twas in the year uv '69, somewhere along in summer,
There hove in sight cne afternoon a new 'nd curious
comer.

His name was Silas Pettibone, a artist by perfession,
With a kit uv tools and a big moustache 'nd a pipe in
his possession.

He told us, by our leave, he'd kind uv like to make
some sketches

Uv the snowy peaks, 'nd the foamin' crick, 'nd the
distant mountain stretches.

"You're welkim, sir," sez we, although this scenery
dodge seemed to us

A waste uv time where scenery wuz already sooper-
floo-us.

All through the summer Pettibone kep' busy at his
sketchin' ;

At daybreak off f'r Eagle Pass, 'nd home at nightfall,
fetchin'

That everlastin' book uv his, with spider lines all
through it.

Three-Fingered Hoover use to say there warn't no
meanin' to it.

"Gol durn a man," sez he to him, "whose shif'less
hand is sot at

A-drawin' hills what's full uv quartz that's pinin' to
be got at."

"Go on," sez Pettibone, "go on if jokin' gratifies ye;
But one uv these fine times I'll show ye somethin' will
surprise ye."

The which remark led us to think—although he didn't
say it—

That Pettibone wuz owin' us a gredge 'nd one day
meant to pay it.

One evenin' as we sot around the Restauran' de Casey,
A-singin' songs 'nd tellin' yarn's the which was some-
what racy

In come that feller Pettibone 'nd sez: "With your per-
mission,

I'd like to put a picture I have made on exhibition."

He sot the picture on the bar 'nd drew aside its curtain,
Sayin', "I reckon you'll allow as how *that's* art, f'r
certain!"

'Nd then we looked, with jaws agape, but nary word
wuz spoken,

'Nd f'r a likely spell the charm uv silence wuz un-
broken,

Till, presently, as in a dream, remarked Three-Fingered
Hoover:

"Unless I am mistaken, this is Pettibone's shef doo-
ver!"

It wuz a face—a human face—a woman's, fair 'nd
tender,

Sot gracefully upon a neck white as a swan's 'nd
slender;

The hair wuz kind uv sunny 'nd the eyes wuz sort uv
dreamy,

The mouth wuz half a-smilin' 'nd the cheeks wuz soft
'nd creamy;

It seemed like she wuz lookin' off into the West out
yonder,
'Nd seemed like while she looked we saw her eyes grow
softer, fonder,
Like lookin' off into the West, where mountain mists
wuz fallin',
She saw the face she longed to see 'nd heerd his voice
a-callin'.
"Hooray!" we cried, "a woman in the camp uv Blue
Horizon!
Step right up, Colonel Pettibone, 'nd nominate your
pizen!"
A curious situation—one deserving uv your pity—
No human livin' female thing this side uv Denver City,
But just a lot uv husky men that lived on sand 'nd
bitters,
Do you wonder that a woman's face consoled the lone-
some critters?
'Nd not one but what it served in some way to remind
him
Uv a mother or a sister or a sweetheart left behind him;
'Nd some looked back on happier days, 'nd saw the old-
time faces
'Nd heerd the dear familiar sounds in old familiar
places—
A gracious touch uv home. "Look here," sez Hoover,
"everbody
Quit thinkin' 'nd perceed at onct to name his fav'rite
toddy!"
It wuzn't long afore the news had spread the country
over
'Nd miners came a-flockin' in like honey-bees to clover.
It kind uv did 'em good, they said, to feast their hungry
eyes on

That picture uv Our Lady in the Camp uv Blue
Horizon.

But one mean cuss from Nigger Crick passed criticisms
on 'er—

Leastwise we overheard him call her Pettibone's Ma-
donner,

The which we did not take to be respectful to a lady,
So we hung him in a quiet spot that wuz cool 'nd dry
'nd shady;

Which same might not have been good law, but it wuz
the right manœuvre

To give the critics due respect for Pettibone's shef
doover.

Gone is the camp—yes, years ago the Blue Horizon
busted,

'Nd every mother's son uv us got up one day 'nd
dusted,

While Pettibone perceeded East with wealth in his pos-
session,

'Nd went to Yurrupe, as I heerd, to study his per-
fession.

So, like as not, you'll find him now a-paintin' heads 'nd
faces

At Venus, Billy, Florence, and the like I-talyun places,
But no sech face he'll paint again as at old Blue Horizon.

For I'll allow no sweeter face no human soul sot eyes on;
'Nd when the critics talk so grand uv Paris 'nd the
Loover,

I say, "Ah, but you orter seen the Pettibone shef
doover."

THE FIREMAN'S WEDDING.

W. A. EATON.

WHAT are we looking at, guv'nor ?
Well, you see that carriage and pair ?
It's a wedding—that's what it is, sir ;
And ar'n't they a beautiful pair ?

They don't want no fashionable music,
There's the fireman's band come to play ;
It's a fireman that's going to get married,
And you don't see such sights every day !

They're in the church now, and we're waiting
To give them a cheer as they come ;
And the grumbler that wouldn't join in it
Deserves all his life to go dumb

They won't be out for a minute,
So if you've got time and will stay,
I'll tell you right from the beginning
About this 'ere wedding to-day.

One night I was fast getting drowsy,
And thinking of going to bed,
When I heard such a clattering and shouting,
“ That sounds like an engine ! ” I said.

So I jumped up and opened the window :
“ It's a fire, sure enough, wife ! ” says I ;
For the people were running and shouting,
And the red glare quite lit up the sky.

I kicked off my old carpet-slippers,
And on with my boots in a jiff ;

I hung up my pipe in the corner
Without waiting to have the last whiff.

The wife, she just grumbled a good'un,
But I didn't take notice of that.
For I on with my coat in a minute,
And sprang down the stairs like a cat!

I followed the crowd, and it brought me
In front of the house in a blaze;
At first I could see nothing clearly,
For the smoke made it all of a haze.

The firemen were shouting their loudest,
And unwinding great lengths of hose;
The "peelers" were pushing the people,
And treading on everyone's toes.

I got pushed with some more in a corner,
Where I couldn't move, try as I might;
But little I cared for the squeezing
So long as I had a good sight.

Ah, sir, it was grand! but 'twas awful!
The flames leaped up higher and higher;
The wind seemed to get underneath them,
Till they roared like a great blacksmith's fire!

I was just looking round at the people,
With their faces lit up by the glare,
When I heard someone cry, hoarse with terror,
"Oh, look! there's a woman up there!"

I shall never forget the excitement,
My heart beat as loud as a clock;
I looked at the crowd; they were standing
As if turned to stone by the shock.

And there was the face at the window,
With its blank look of haggard despair—

Her hands were clasped tight on her bosom,
And her white lips were moving in prayer.

The staircase was burnt to a cinder,
There wasn't a fire-escape near;
But a ladder was brought from a builder's,
And the crowd gave a half-frightened cheer.

The ladder was put to the window,
While the flames were still raging below;
I looked, with my heart in my mouth, then,
To see who would offer to go!

When up sprang a sturdy young fireman,
As a sailor would climb up a mast:
We saw him go in at the window,
And we cheered as though danger were passed.

We saw nothing more for a moment,
But the sparks flying round us like rain:
And then, as we breathlessly waited,
He came to the window again.

And on his broad shoulder was lying
The face of that poor, fainting thing,
And we gave him a cheer as we never
Yet gave to a prince or a king.

He got on the top of the ladder—
I can see him there now, noble lad!
And the flames underneath seemed to know it,
For they leaped at that ladder like mad.

But just as he got to the middle,
I could see it begin to give way.
For the flames had got hold of it now, sir!
I could see the thing tremble and sway.

He came but a step or two lower,
Then sprang, with a cry, to the ground;
And then, you would hardly believe it,
He stood with the girl safe and sound.

I took off my old hat and waved it:
I couldn't join in with the cheer,
For the smoke had got into my eyes, sir,
And I felt such a choking just here.

And now, sir, they're going to get married,
I bet you, she'll make a good wife:
And who has the most right to have her?
Why, the fellow that saved her young life!

A beauty! ah, sir, I believe you!
Stand back, lads! stand back! here they are!
We'll give them the cheer that we promised,
Now, lads, with a hip, hip, hurrah!



MY SHIP.

ADELAIDE TROWBRIDGE.

[By permission of the author.]

WILL there never dawn a morning
When my tear-dimmed eyes shall see
A flash of snowy canvas
As my ship comes home to me?
When my heart shall leap with gladness,
And the captive be set free?
For the amulet of freedom
My ship will bring to me.

I am weary, oh, so weary,
Watching for a tardy sail,
And I scan the far horizon
Till both heart and vision fail.
A priceless freight she carries,
This bark upon the sea,
And the treasures in her keeping
Are of untold worth to me.
Great pearls of hope and comfort,
All the jewels of the mind,
All the fondest dreams I cherish,
With her fate are intertwined!

But the choicest of her blessings,
The rarest and the best,
Will be the gift she brings me,—
The matchless gift of—Rest.
Rest from the ceaseless fever,
From the fret and jar of life;
Rest from grinding toil and sorrow,

From the turmoil and the strife
A folding of tired, weary hands
Upon an aching breast.
Dear God! how sweet once more to taste
The honey-dew of—Rest!
I do not ask for riches,
Or a life of selfish ease;
I am but a weary woman,
I shall not be hard to please.

But the days go by, and never,
On the far horizon-line,
Do I catch the distant shining
Of a sail that should be mine.
And the years are slipping from me,
As I watch and wait in vain
For a bark whose magic outlines
I may never see again.
Then I try to summon courage,
And patiently to wear
The thorny crown of sorrow
And the heavy cross I bear;
For a phantom ship will bear me
Erelong unto my rest,
And its prow will glide in beauty
'Mid the islands of the blest!
Yet at morn, at noon, at midnight,
My vigil still I keep,
And my hungry eyes are watching
For that ship across the deep.

ALFRED EVELYN'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS LIFE.

FROM THE PLAY "MONEY."

BULWER.

** Abridged and arranged for recitation by Robert
H. Hatch.

INTRODUCTION.

THE scene takes place at the house of Alfred Evelyn, in London, between himself and his friend Graves.

Graves, of all my new friends—and now their name is legion—you are the only one that I can make my confidant, the only one that I esteem! Left fatherless when yet a boy, my mother grudged herself food to give me education. Now, someone has said that "learning is better than house and lands." That was a lie, Graves; but on the strength of that lie I was sent to college, a—sizer. Graves, do you know what a sizer is? Well, in pride he's a gentleman, in knowledge a scholar, but he crawls about amidst gentlemen and scholars with the livery of a pauper on his back!

Well, time passed on. In a small way I became somewhat distinguished, took some of the great prizes, had hopes of a high degree, leading to a Fellowship. That meant an independence for me, a home for my mother. One day, however, a young lord who was connected with the college deliberately insulted me. I retorted. He struck me, refused apology, refused redress. Why, *I* was a sizer, a pariah, a thing to be struck; but, sir, I was also a man, and I took my

revenge in the hall, before the eyes of the whole college! A few days went by. The lord's chastisement was forgotten, but the next week the sizer was expelled; the career of a life—blasted! That, my dear Graves, is the difference between the rich and the poor. It takes a whirlwind to move one, a breath may uproot the other.

I came to London. As long as my mother lived, I had someone to work for, and I did work, did strive to be something yet; but, somehow, after she died my spirit broke, and I almost ceased to care what became of me. And thus, at last, I became the poor relation, the hanger-on, and gentlemanly lackey of Sir John Vesey. But I had an object in that. There was one in that house whom I loved—Clara Douglass. Not an hour before I inherited this mighty wealth I confessed my love and was rejected, because—I was poor! Would she accept me now? Perhaps. But do you think that I am so base a slave to passion that I would accept for my gold what was denied to my affection? Ah, no! A marriage to which each may bring sober esteem and calm regard may not be happiness, but it may be content; but oh, Graves, to marry one whom you could adore, and whose heart is closed against you, to yearn for the treasure only to claim the casket, to marry the statue that you could never warm into life—such a marriage would be a hell more terrible because Paradise was so near!

Graves, I tell you I hate that girl! But—I've had my revenge! Now mark! You remember the letter that Sharpe gave me when the will was read? Well, I've bribed him to say that that letter contained a codicil leaving to Clara Douglass twenty thousand pounds! Did it? No, it didn't tell me to leave her a farthing; but I've done it, Graves, I've done it; and to the man whom she rejected in his degradation and poverty—she owes it to me, Graves, she owes it to me!

BY THE TURRET STAIR.

A. D. 1200.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

[By permission of Mr. Clinton Scollard.]

R UN, run! little page, tell your lady fair
That her lover waits by the turret stair;
That the stars are out and the night wind blows
Up the garden path from the crimson rose—
Run! run! little page!

Haste! haste! little page, ere the round moon's rim
Peeps over yon hedge of the forest dim,
And the breeze has died which seems to bear
The scent of the rose from the trellis there—
Haste! haste! little page!

Soft! soft! little page, lest her sire may guess,
By her look of fear and of fond distress,
That he hides in the night by the turret stair
Who would steal from his bower the flower so fair—
Soft! soft! little page!

List! list! little page, to that faint footfall
Far away in the depths of the vaulted hall!
Is it echo alone, or a mournful moan
Borne out from those ghostly walls of stone?
List! list! little page!

See! see! little page, who stands in white
All clad in the pale and changing light!
Is't an angel? Ay, 'tis my lady fair,

And she hastes to her love down the turret stair—
See! see! little page!

Farewell! little page, far away, away,
Through the still black night to the dawn of day,
My lady so sweet and I must fare
Till we reach the foot of *my* turret stair—
Farewell! little page!



ON THE STAIRS.

GEORGE TRIMBLE DAVIDSON.

[By permission of Mr. George T. Davidson.]

I NEVER did care for the lancers
But last night at the Vanderton's ball,
When he led me aside from the dancers
To sit out a set in the hall,
I did very wrong in permitting
Such proceedings, for Aunty declares
A girl causes gossip by sitting
Through dances with men on the stairs.
Of course, there's no harm in the practice,
Which, in truth, has made many a match;
It depends who's the man, and the fact is
Poor Jim's not exactly a catch.

But nothing could really be nicer.
Dear Aunty had gone from our ken,
Whither supper is sure to entice her
With a lot of those horrid old men,
So we sought out a spot on the landing,
Where the lights in the hallway burned dim,
And a palm with wide branches was standing;
In its shadow I lingered with Jim,
And the sound of the music came swelling
From the door of the ballroom below,
And Jim for the tenth time was telling
Me something too silly, you know.

It's so foolish of him to admire me,
And yet he's so good and so wise
That his ideals of women inspire me

With a wish to seem well in his eyes.
Since ever the first day he met me,
He says he has loved me, although
It were better, of course, to forget me,
Since I cannot accept him, you know.
We all have our crosses to carry,
And I, so dear Auntie declares,
Must make a great match when I marry,
Hence her horror of Jim and the stairs.

Jim's manner is very convincing;
He's so earnest and honest and strong;
With him there's no halfway, no mincing
Of words to make right out of wrong.
Simple pleasures he thinks are far sweeter
Than the smartest of functions can be,
And avows that no joy is completer
Than love in a cot by the sea.
How nice it would be if poor Jim were
But the poorest of poor millionaires!
Auntie's views might relax as to him, were
Her neice then to sit on the stairs!

Well, I sat there in silence and listened
To the words that he poured in my ear;
In his eyes there was something that glistened
At times, very much like a tear.
If ever a man spoke divinely
Jim then spoke divinely to me—
Of his love, of my life—how supinely
We consent to what ought not to be.
He spoke of the love that he bore me,
How he longed to protect, to withhold
My life from the future before me
Should I wed not for love, but for gold.

I sat through that dance and another,
Till I quite for the moment forgot
To say that I'd let him be brother
To me, or some other such rot,
When Aunty loomed up on the landing
And the look that came into her eyes,
As Jim would say, "brought us up standing."
It was scarcely a jolly surprise;
And Jim as he bade me good-bye, then,
Looked so foolish that Aunty declares,
On her niece she can always rely when
I sit with a man on the stairs!



COMING HOME.

ALFRED BERLYN.

AROUND the cottage sweeps the northern blast,
Icy and shrill; the giant, leafless elms,
That tower above the village, moan and bow,
Trembling before the fierce, relentless gale;
And the thick snowflakes at their silent work
Are swiftly hiding with a spotless robe
The brown-thatched cottage roof. Beneath that roof,
Sad and alone, this bitter Christmas eve,
An old man sits. His head droops on his breast,
And, with a steadfast eye that seems to read
Past memories or future mysteries
In the red glow, he gazes in the fire.
As a quick dancing gleam now and again
Starts up, and plays around his silvery hair,
The furrowed brow, the wan and wasted cheek,
The dull, sad eye, the bent, enfeebled form,
Proclaim with mute and piteous eloquence
The gnawing anguish of a breaking heart.
And still he sits, and still he gazes on,
As though the fire held all he loved on earth.

All that he loves? He has no one to love.
His thoughts are in the past, and as he looks,
He sees between the bars a Christmas eve
Ten dreary years ago—it seems to him
Ten centuries—when he, poor, broken wretch,
Was light of heart as any man on earth;
The happy husband of a loving wife,
The doting father of an only child.

And eighteen years of peace and joy had passed,
His fairy child the sunshine of his home;
Eighteen bright years of roseate happiness,
Without one cloud to dim his sunny life.

Then the dark shadow of the coming doom
Fell o'er his house—and yet he knew it not.
Honest and trusting, open as the day,
Holding man's honor dearer than his life,
Could he read "Villain" in the smiling face
Of that glib youth who won his daughter's love?
And when the mother's heart was stirred with doubt
And vague forebodings of some coming ill,
He answered, laughing, "Never fear, good wife;
Marry above her station? What of that?
Our Mary's sweet enough to wed an earl.
Trust me, the young squire's lucky winning her!"

And so his foolish dream went on and on,
Until that awful morn when he awoke
To learn the tidings of her shameful flight,
And gaze upon the wreck of love and home.
Blow followed blow. His poor, heart-broken wife,
Crushed by her erring daughter's load of shame,
Sickened and drooped; and all within the month,
Died, with her lost child's name upon her lips,
And he was left alone. And as he crept
Back from her grave to what was once his home,
His heart was hardened; with a fearful oath
He cursed alike betrayer and betrayed,
And raising up his hand toward the sky,
"May God abandon me in death," he cried,
"If ever I look upon her face again!
Though she were starving at my very door,
May God's curse seize me if I succor her!"
Ten years ago—ten dreary years ago.

Louder and louder blows the chilling blast,
Moaning and sighing through the leafless trees;
Closer the old man cowers o'er the fire,
Spreading his hands toward the dancing flame.
"A fearful night!" he mutters; then he thinks
Of his grim oath, and wonders is she dead.
"May God abandon me—" Hark! what was that?
Nothing—the wind was howling round the door,
And moved the latch a little. But that cry?
Like a stone statue sat the old man there,
His heart like ice, his face the hue of death.
Again that cry. Hush! 'twas a woman's voice
That mingled with the howling of the wind.
"Father!" A mighty trembling seized the man.
But still he answered not. Faint came the cry,
"Father, have pity on me; let me in!"
And still the old man trembled more and more;
But still he answered not. Loud shrieked the blast,
Like some lost spirit in eternal woe;
And, as its wailing rang louder round the house,
Once more the cry came faintly from the door:
"Father, I'm dying—I, your only child!
Forgive me! Pity me! Oh, take me home!"
And then a fierce convulsion shook the man;
With a half sob he staggered to his feet,
And turned toward the door; but even then
He started back, and, throwing up his hands,
"My oath! my oath!" he cried and sinking down,
He stopped his ears, and crushed his bleeding heart,
And sat and gazed and gazed into the fire.

The night wore on; the embers sank and died;
The wind howled ever fiercely round the house,
But all besides were still; the cry had ceased.
In the dark chamber motionless he sat,
Shutting his eyes against the moaning blast.

Alone ? No, not alone ; for as he sat,
A spirit seemed to pass before his eyes,
And through the gloom he saw his dead wife's face,
Sad and reproachful, gazing into his ;
And as she passed, a deep and mournful voice
Stole through the fast-closed portals of his ears :
"Too late for mercy now ; our child is dead !"
And then the mighty torrent of remorse,
Bursting the floodgates of his anguished soul,
Washed out the crimson record of his oath ;
And with a cry that froze upon his lips,
He started to his feet and gained the door ;
An awful terror whispered at his heart,
And the dread words rang loud within his ears :
"Too late ! too late ! our child is dead—dead—dead !"
He tore the iron fastenings from the door,
And flung it wide ; and, as the shrieking wind
Rushed in triumphant with its snowy freight,
Across the threshold fell a frozen corpse !

He spoke no word ; he never uttered cry,
But, clasping his dead child against his breast,
He sank and fell beside the open door.
And his worn soul went forth to meet his child,
And kindly death joined hand in hand for aye,
The storm their requiem, and their shroud the snow.
And when the morning came, and Christmas bells
Rang out glad tidings of great joy to men,
They knelt for mercy at that open door
Where the great Father of forgiving love
Welcomes His erring children's coming home.

THE RIDE.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

[By permission of Mr. Clinton Scollard.]

WE rose in the clear, cool dawning, and greeted
the eastern star;
“To saddle!”—our shout rang sharply out by the huts
of Kerf Hawàr.
The dervish slept by the wayside, the dog still dozed by
the door,
No *yashmaked* maid with her water jar bent low by the
swift stream’s shore.
The poplar leaves, as we mounted, turned white in the
veering wind,
And the icy peak of Hermon shone pyramidal behind.
We had looked on the towers of Hebron, and seen the
sunlight wane
Over Zion’s massive citadel, and Omar’s holy fane;
We had passed with pilgrim footsteps over Judah’s rocks
and rills,
And seen the anemone torches flare on the Galilean
hills.
But our eager hearts cried, “Onward!—beyond are the
fairest skies;
Where rippling Barada silvers down, the bower of the
prophet lies.”
So we plunged through the tranquil twilight, ere the
sun rolled grandly up,
And brimmed the sky with its amber as Lebanon wine
a cup;

We dashed down the bare brown *wadys*, where echo
cried from the crag;

There was never a hoof to linger, and never a foot to
lag;

We raced where the land lay level, and we spurred it,
black and bay;

Then the crimson bud of the morning flowered full into
dazzling day.

The dim, dark speck in the distance grew green and
broad and large,

And lo! a minaret's slender spear on the line of its
northern marge.

Then oh, what a cheer we lifted, and oh, how we for-
ward flew,

And oh, the balm of the greeting breeze that out from
the gardens blew!

And now we rode in the shadow of boughs that were
blossom-sweet,

While the gurgle of crystal waters rilled up through the
swooning heat.

Pink were the proud pomegranates, a rosy cloud to the
sight,

And the fluttering bloom of the orange was white in
the zenith light;

And sudden, or ever we dreamed it, did the orchards
give apart,

And there was the bowered city with the flood of its
orient heart;

There was the endless pageant that surged through the
arching gate—

There was the slim Bride's Minaret, and the ancient
“street called Straight.”

And now that the ride was ended, there was rest for
man and beast;

For our trusty steeds there was shelter, and grain for a
goodly feast;

For us there were growing marvels, and a wonder-
wealth untold

In the opulent glow of the daytime, in night with its
moon of gold.

For sherbet and song and roses, with a love-smile flashed
between,

Recur like the beat of a measure in the life of a Damas-
cene.

We will rise in dreams, beloved, by the gleam of the
morning star,

And ride to the pearl of cities from the huts of Kerf
Hawàr.



KEENAN'S CHARGE.

CHANCELLORSVILLE, MAY, 1863.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

[By permission of Mr. George P. Lathrop and Messrs. Chas. Scribner's Sons,
from Mr. Lathrop's "Dreams and Days."]

THE sun had set;
The leaves with dew were wet;
Down fell a bloody dusk
On the woods, that second of May,
Where Stonewall's corps, like a beast of prey,
Tore through, with angry tusk.

"They've trapped us, boys!"
Rose from our flank a voice.
With a rush of steel and smoke
On came the rebels straight,
Eager as love and wild as hate;
And our line reeled and broke;

Broke and fled.
No one stayed—but the dead!
With curses, shrieks, and cries,
Horses and wagons and men
Tumbled back through the shuddering glen,
And above us the fading skies.

There's one hope still,—
Those batteries parked on the hill!
"Battery, wheel!" ('mid the roar)
"Pass pieces; fix prolonge to fire
Retiring. Trot!" In the panic dire
A bugle rings "Trot"—and no more.

The horses plunged,
The cannon lurched and lunged,

To join the hopeless rout.
But suddenly rode a form
Calmly in front of the human storm,
With a stern, commanding shout :

“Align those guns! ”
(We knew it was Pleasonton's.)
The cannoneers bent to obey,
And worked with a will at his word :
And the black guns moved as if *they* had heard.
But ah, the dread delay !

“To wait is crime ;
O God, for ten minutes' time ! ”
The General looked around.
There Keenan sat, like a stone,
With his three hundred horse alone—
Less shaken than the ground.

“Major, your men ? ”—
“Are soldiers, General.” “Then,
Charge, Major ! Do your best :
Hold the enemy back, at all cost,
Till my guns are placed ;—else the army is lost.
You die to save the rest ! ”

By the shrouded gleam of the western skies,
Brave Keenan looked in Pleasonton's eyes
For an instant,—clear, and cool, and still ;
Then, with a smile, he said : “I will.”
“Cavalry, charge ! ” Not a man of them shrank.
Their sharp, full cheer, from rank on rank,
Rose joyously, with a willing breath,
Rose like a greeting hail to death.
Then forward they sprang, and spurred and clashed ;
Shouted the officers, crimson sashed ;
Rode well the men, each brave as his fellow,
In their faded coats of the blue and yellow ;

And above in the air, with an instinct true,
Like a bird of war their pennon flew.

With a clank of scabbards and thunder of steeds,
And blades that shine like sunlit reeds,
And strong brown faces bravely pale
For fear their proud attempts shall fail,
Three hundred Pennsylvanians close
On twice ten thousand gallant foes.

Line after line the troopers came
To the edge of the wood that was ringed with flame;
Rode in and sabered and shot—and fell;
Nor came one back his wounds to tell.
And full in the midst rose Keenan, tall
In the gloom, like a martyr awaiting his fall,
While the circle-stroke of his sabre, swung
Round his head like a halo there, luminous hung.
Line after line, ay, whole platoons,
Struck dead in their saddles, of brave dragoons
By the maddened horses were onward borne
And into the vortex flung, trampled and torn;
As Keenan fought with his men, side by side.
So they rode, till there were no more to ride.

But over them, lying there, shattered and mute,
What deep echo rolls?—'Tis a death-salute
From the cannon in place; for, heroes, you braved
Your fate not in vain—the army was saved!

Over them now,—year following year,—
Over their graves, the pine-cones fall,
And the whippoorwill chants his spectre call;
But they stir not again; they raise no cheer:
They have ceased, but their glory shall never cease,
Nor their light be quenched in the light of peace.
The rush of their charge is resounding still
That saved the army at Chancellorsville.

LASCA.

F. DESPREZ.

I WANT free life and I want fresh air ;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
The crack of the whips like shots in battle,
The mellay of horns, and hoofs, and heads
That wars, and wrangles, and scatters, and spreads ;
The green beneath and the blue above,
And dash and danger, and life and love,
And Lasca ! Lasca used to ride
On a mouse-gray mustang, close to my side,
With blue *serape* and bright-belled spur ;
I laughed with joy as I looked at her !
Little knew she of books or creeds ;
An Ave Maria sufficed her needs ;
Little she cared, save to be by my side,
To ride with me, and ever to ride,
From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.
She was as bold as the billows that beat,
She was as wild as the breezes that blow ;
From her little head to her little feet
She was swayed, in her suppleness, to and fro
By each gust of passion ; a sapling pine,
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,
And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,
Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.
She would hunger that I might eat,
Would take the bitter and leave me the sweet ;
But once, when I made her jealous for fun,
At something I'd whispered, or looked, or done,
One Sunday, in San Antonio,
To a glorious girl on the Alamo,

She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,
And—sting of a wasp!—it made me stagger!
An inch to the left or an inch to the right,
And I shouldn't be maundering here to-night;
But she sobbed, and sobbing, so swiftly bound
Her torn *reboso* about the wound
That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

Her eye was brown,—a deep, deep brown;
Her hair was darker than her eye;
And something in her smile and frown,
Curled crimson lip, and instep high,
Showed that there ran in each blue vein,
Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,
The vigorous vintage of old Spain.
Then why did I leave a life so free?
Listen a while and you shall see.

The air was heavy, the night was hot,
I sat by her side, and forgot—forgot;
Forgot the herd that were taking their rest;
Forgot that the air was close opprest,
That the Texas norther comes sudden and soon,
In the dead of the night or the blaze of noon;
That once let the herd at its breath take fright,
And nothing on earth can stop the flight;
And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,
Who falls in front of their mad stampede!
Was that thunder? No, by the Lord!
I sprang to my saddle without a word.
One foot on mine, and she clung behind.
Away! on a hot chase down the wind!
But never was fox-hunt half so hard,
And never was steed so little spared.
For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on;
There was one chance left, and you have but one—
Halt, jump to ground, and shoot your horse;
Crouch under his carcass, and take your chance;
And if the steers, in their frantic course,
Don't batter you both to pieces at once,
You may thank your star; if not, good-bye
To the quickening kiss and the long-drawn sigh,
And the open air and the open sky,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The cattle gained on us, and, just as I felt
For my old six-shooter, behind in my belt,
Down came the mustang, and down came we,
Clinging together, and—what was the rest?
A body that spread itself on my breast,
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
Two lips that hard on my lips were pressed;
Then came thunder in my ears
As over us surged the sea of steers,
Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
And when I could rise—
Lasca was dead!

I gouged out a grave a few feet deep,
And there in Earth's arms I laid her to sleep;
And there she is lying, and no one knows,
And the summer shines and the winter snows;
For many a day the flowers have spread
A pall of petals over her head;
And the little gray hawk hangs aloft in the air,
And the sly coyote trots here and there,
And the black snake glides, and glitters, and slides
Into the rift in a cotton-wood tree;
And the buzzard sails on,
And comes and is gone,

Stately and still like a ship at sea.
And I wonder why I do not care
For the things that are like the things that were.
Does half my heart lie buried there
 In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?



COUSINS.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

HAD you ever a cousin, Tom?
Did your cousin happen to sing?
Sisters, we've all by the dozen, Tom,
But a cousin's a different thing;
And you'd find if you ever kissed her, Tom,
(But let this be secret between us,)
That your lips would have been in a blister, Tom,
For they're not of the sister genus.

There is something, Tom, in a sister's lip,
When you give her a good-night kiss,
That savors so much of relationship
That nothing occurs amiss;
But a cousin's lip—if you once unite
With yours in the quietest way—
Instead of sleeping a wink that night
You'll be dreaming all the next day.

And people think it no harm, Tom,
With a cousin to hear you talk,
And no one feels any alarm,
At a quiet cousinly walk.
But, Tom, you'll soon find, what I happen to know,
That such walks often grow into straying,
And the voices of cousins are sometimes so low,
Heaven only knows what they are saying!

And then there happens so often, Tom,
Soft presses of hands and fingers,
And looks that were moulded to soften,

And tones on which memory lingers;
And long e'er your walk is half over, the strings
Of your heart are put all into play
By the voice of those fair, demi-sisterly things,
In not quite the most brotherly way.

And the voice of a sister may bring to you, Tom,
Such tones as the angels woo;
But I fear if your cousin should sing to you, Tom,
You'd take her for an angel, too.
For so curious a note is that note of theirs
That you'll fancy the voice that gave it,
Has been all the while singing the national airs,
Instead of the Psalms of David!

I once had a cousin that sung, Tom,
And her name may be nameless, now;
But the sound of those songs is still young, Tom,
Though we are no longer so.
'Tis folly to dream of a bower of green
When there is not a leaf on the tree;
But, 'twixt walking and singing, that cousin has
been—
God forgive her!—the ruin of me!

And so I don't care much for society, Tom,
And lead a most anchorite life;
For I've loved myself into sobriety, Tom,
And out of the wish for a wife.
But oh! if I said but half what I might say,
So sad were the lesson 'twould give
That 'twould keep you from loving for many a day,
And from cousins—as long as you live!

MARQUETTE.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

[Some time ago *The World* published an account of the gallant work of the crew of the life-saving station at the mouth of the Keweenaw Point Canal, on Lake Superior, in rescuing 24 seamen, whose lives were in peril, near Marquette, 110 miles away from the station. The article referred to was extensively copied, and called forth columns of praise for the service in general and for this crew in particular. Supt. Kimball has recently received from Detroit the following poem in relation to the event from the pen of Rose Hartwick Thorpe, the author of "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night."]

THE storm king rode on a raging blast;
With his strong right hand he smote the vast
Green sea, and its foam-capped billows sprang
To the sky's blue dome. Its hoarse voice rang
Muffled and deep, like the knell of doom.
The morning came through the spray-drenched gloom
And passed with her icy garments wet
O'er far Marquette.

A stir in the streets, a sudden thrill,
A sound of voices now low, now shrill,
And people rush from their firesides warm;
They crowd, they struggle against the storm.
They scan the waters with troubled eyes,
They see two wrecks; they hear faint cries:
"Help, help, oh, help!" And a wild regret
Sweeps all Marquette.

Now over the wire a message flies:
"Come to the rescue!" it wildly cries.
"Come with a life-boat so stanch and strong,
Come, come though the miles were twice as long;

All the track is yours." Now, mothers, pray,
For more than a hundred miles away
That call is heard. Hope, linger yet :
Kneel, all Marquette.

O engineer, guide your steed aright !
O iron horse, speed your onward flight !
Thou soldier of death, be brave, be strong !
Blow, winds of heaven ! and haste along
The message of hope : " We come, we come !"
Like rushing whirlwind with roar and hum,
E'er daylight wanes or the sun shall set
O'er far Marquette.

Brave saviors of life, the deed is done !
The fight is fought, the victory won.
Now the whole world reads with startled breath
Of that fearful ride to conquer death.
How an iron steed ran a winning race,
While a hundred miles dissolved in space.
The world applauds, nor will soon forget
Thy tale, Marquette.



HER ANSWER.

ALL day long she held my question
In her heart;
Shunned my eyes that craved an answer,
Moved apart;
Touched my hand in good-night greeting,
Rosier grew—
Should I leave to-morrow? Early?
Then adieu!
Bent her head in farewell courteous,
Onward passed,
While a cold hand gripped my heart-strings—
Held them fast.
Still I waited, still I listened;
All my soul
Trembled in the eyes that watched her
As she stole
Up the stairs with measured footsteps;
But she turned,
Where a lamp in brazen bracket
Brightly burned,
Showed me all the glittering ripples
Of her hair,
Veiled her eyes in violet shadows—
Glimmered where
Curved her mouth in soft compliance
As she bent
Toward me from the dusky railing
Where she leant.
Ah! my love . . . One white hand wanders
To her hair,

Slowly lifts the rose that nestles
Softly there;
Breathes she in its heart my answer,
Shyly sweet,
And Love's message mutely flutters
To my feet.



UNE MARQUISE.

A RHYMED MONOLOGUE IN THE LOUVRE.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

[By permission of Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.]

AS you sit there at your ease,
O Marquise!
And the men flock round your knees
Thick as bees,
Mute at every word you utter,
Servants to your least frill flutter
Belle Marquise!
As you sit there growing prouder,
And your ringed hands glance and go,
And your fan's *frou-frou* sounds louder,
And your "*beaux yeux*" flash and glow,—
Ah, you used them on the painter
As you know,
For the Sieur Larose spoke fainter,
Bowing low,
Thanked madame and heaven for mercy
That each sitter was not Circe,
Or at least he told you so;—
Growing proud, I say, and prouder
To the crowd that come and go,
Dainty deity of powder,
Fickle queen of fop and beau,
As you sit where lustres strike you
Sure to please,
Do we love you most or like you,
Belle Marquise?

You are fair—oh, yes, we know it
 Well, Marquise!
 For he swore it, your last poet,
 On his knees;
 And he called all heaven to witness
 Of his ballad and its fitness,
 Belle Marquise!
 You were everything in ère
 (With exception of *sévère*);
 You were *cruelle* and *rebelle*,
 With the rest of rhymes as well;
 You were “*Reine*,” and “*Mère d’Amour*;”
 You were “*Vénus à Cythère*;”
 “*Sappho mise en Pompadour*;”
 And “*Minerve en Parabère*;”
 You had every grace of heaven
 In your most angelic face,
 With the nameless finer leaven
 Lent of blood and courtly grace;
 And he added, too, in duty,
 Ninon’s wit and Boufflers’ beauty;
 And La Vallière’s *yeux veloutés*
 Followed these;
 And you liked it when he said it
 On his knees,
 And you kept it and you read it
 Belle Marquise!

Yet with us your toilet graces
 Fail to please,
 And the last of your last faces,
 And your *mise*;
 For we hold you just as real,
 Belle Marquise,
 As your *Bergers* and *Bergères*,
Iles d’Amour and *Batelières*;

As your *pares*, and your Versailles,
Gardens, grottoes, and *rocailles*;
As your naiads and your trees;—
Just as near the old ideal

Calm and ease,
As the Venus there, by Coustou,
That a fan would make quite flighty,
Is to her the gods were used to,—
Is to grand Greek Aphroditè,
Sprung from seas.

You are just a porcelain trifle,

Belle Marquise!

Just a thing of puffs and patches,
Made for madrigals and catches,
Not for heart wounds, but for scratches,
O Marquise!

Just a pinky porcelain trifle,

Belle Marquise!

Wrought in rarest *rose-Dubarry*,
Quick at verbal point and parry,
Clever, doubtless,—but to marry,
No, Marquise!

For your Cupid, you have clipped him,
Rouged and patched him, nipped and snipped him,
And with *chapeau-bras* equipped him,

Belle Marquise!

Just to arm you through your wife-time,
And the languors of your lifetime,

Belle Marquise!

Say, to trim your toilet tapers,
Or to twist your hair in papers,
Or to wean you from the vapors;—

As for these,

You are worth the love they give you,
Till a fairer face outlive you,

Or a younger grace shall please;
Till the coming of the crows' feet
And the backward turn of beaux' feet,

Belle Marquise!

Till your frothed-out life's commotion
Settles down to Ennui's ocean,
Or a dainty sham devotion,

Belle Marquise!

No; we neither like nor love you,

Belle Marquise!

Lesser lights we place above you;
Milder merits better please.

We have passed from *Philosophe*-dom

Into plainer modern days,

Grown contented in our oafdom,

Giving grace not all the praise;

And, *en partant*, *Arsinöö*—

Without malice whatsoever—

We shall counsel to our Chloë

To be rather good than clever.

For we find it hard to smother

Just one little thought, Marquise!

Wittier, perhaps, than any other—

You were neither wife nor mother,

Belle Marquise!



THE STORY OF GINEVRA.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

* * Abridged and arranged for recitation by Robert.
H. Hatch.

[By permission of Miss Susan Coolidge and Messrs. Roberts Bros.]

It was long years since,
I left my father's house, a bride in May.
You know the house, beside St. Andrea's church,
Gloomy and rich, which stands and seems to frown
On the Mercato, humming at its base,
And hold on high, out of the common reach,
The lilies and carved shields above its door;
And higher yet catch and woo the sun,
A little *loggia* set against the sky?
That was my play-place ever as a child!
And with me used to play a kinsman's son,
Antonio. Ah, dear days! with none to chide,
Or hint that life was anything but play.

Sudden the play-time ended. All at once
"You must be wed," they told me. "What is wed?"
I asked; but with the word I bent my brow,
Let them put on the garland, smiled to see
The glancing jewels tied about my neck;
And so, half-pleased, half-puzzled, was led forth
By my grave husband, older than my sire.
Oh the long years that followed! It would seem
That the sun never shone in all those years,
Or only with a sudden, troubled glint
Flashed on Antonio's curls, as he went by
Doffing his cap, with eyes of wistful love
Raised to my face.

Were we so much to blame? Our lives had twined
Together, none forbidding, for so long.
They let our childish fingers drop the seed,
Unhindered, which should ripen to tall grain;
They let the firm, small roots tangle and grow,
Then rent them, careless that it hurt the plant.
Life was all shadow, but it was not sin!
I loved Antonio, and he loved me.

It was hard
To sit in darkness while the rest had light,
To move to discords when the rest had song.
To be so young and never to have lived.
I bore, as women bear, until one day
Soul said to flesh, "This I endure no more,"
And with the word uprose, tore clay apart,
And what was blank before grew blanker still.

It was a fever, so the leeches said.
I had been dead so long, I did not know
The difference or heed. Oil on my breast,
The garments of the grave about me wrapped,
They bore me forth and laid me in the tomb,
The rich and beautiful and dreadful tomb,
Where all the buried Amieris lie,
Beneath the Duomo's black and towering shade.

It was night, when I awoke to feel
That deadly chill, and see by ghostly gleams
Of moonlight, creeping through the grated door,
The coffins of my fathers all about.
Strange, hollow clamors rang and echoed back,
As, struggling out of mine, I dropped and fell.
With frantic strength I beat upon the grate.
It yielded to my touch. Some careless hand
Had left the bolt half-slipped.

Dead or alive I issued, scarce sure which.
High overhead Giotto's tower soared;
Behind, the Duomo rose all white and black;
Then pealed a sudden jargoning of bells,
And down the darkling street I wildly fled.
I had no aim, save to reach warmth and light
And human touch; but still my witless steps
Led to my husband's door, and there I stopped,
By instinct, knocked, and called.

A window oped.

A voice—'twas his—demanded: "Who is there?"
"'Tis I, Ginevra." Then I heard the tone
Change into horror, and he prayed aloud
And called upon the saints, the while I urged,
"Oh, let me in, Francesco; let me in!
I am so cold, so frightened, let me in!"
Then with a crash, the window was shut fast;
And, though I cried and beat upon the door
And wailed aloud, no other answer came.

Weeping, I turned away, and feebly strove
Down the hard distance towards my father's house.
"They will have pity and will let me in,"
I thought. "They loved me and will let me in."
Cowards! At the high window overhead
They stood and trembled, while I plead and prayed:
"I am your child, Ginevra. Let me in!
I am not dead. In mercy, let me in!"
"The holy saints forbid!" declared my sire.
My mother sobbed and vowed whole pounds of wax
To St. Eustachio, would he but remove
This fearful presence from her door. Then sharp
Came click of lock, and a long tube was thrust
From out the window, and my brother cried,
"Spirit or devil, go! or else I fire!"
Where should I go? Back to the ghastly tomb

And the cold confined ones? Up the long street,
Wringing my hands and sobbing low, I went.
My feet were bare and bleeding from the stones;
My hands were bleeding too;
So wild and strange a shape
Saw never Florence since.
The sleeping houses stood in midnight black,
And not a soul was in the streets but I.

At last I saw a flickering point of light
High overhead, in a dim window set.
I had lain down to die; but at the sight
I rose, crawled on, and with expiring strength
Knocked, sank again, and knew not even then
It was Antonio's door by which I lay.

A window opened, and a voice called out:
" *Qui è?* " "I am Ginevra." And I thought,
"Now he will fall to trembling, like the rest,
And bid me hence." But lo! a moment more
The bolts were drawn, the doors were opened, and arms
whose very touch
Was life, lifted and clasped and bore me in.
"O ghost or angel of my buried love,
I know not, care not which, be welcome here!
Welcome, thrice welcome, to this heart of mine!"
I heard him say, and then I heard no more.

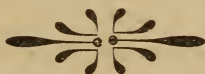
It was high noontide when I woke again,
To hear fierce voices wrangling by my bed,—
My father's and my husband's; for, with dawn,
Gathering up valor, they had sought the tomb,
Had found me gone, and tracked my bleeding feet
Over the pavement to Antonio's door.
Dead, they cared nothing; living, I was theirs.
Hot raged the quarrel; then came Justice in,
And to the court we swept—I in my shroud—
To try the cause.

This was the verdict given :

“A woman who has been to burial borne,
Made fast and left and locked in with the dead;
Who at her husband's door has stood and plead
For entrance, and has heard her prayer denied;
Who from her father's house is urged and chased,
Must be adjudged as dead in law and fact.
The Court pronounces the defendant—dead!
She can resume her former ties at will,
Or may renounce them, if such be her will.
She is no more a daughter or a spouse,
Unless she choose, and is set free to form
New ties if so she choose.”

O blessed words!

That very day we knelt before the priest,
My love and I, were wed, and life began again.



EDUCATIONAL COURTSHIP.

SHE was a Boston maiden, and she'd scarcely passed
eighteen,
And as lovely as a houri, but of grave and sober mien,
A sweet encyclopædia of every kind of lore,
Though love looked coyly from behind the glasses that
she wore.

She sat beside her lover, with her elbow on his knee,
And dreamily she gazed upon the slumbering summer
sea,

Until he broke the silence, saying: "Pray, Minerva
dear,

Inform me of the meaning of the Thingness of the
Here.

I know you're just from Concord, where the lights of
wisdom be,

Your head crammed full to bursting, love, with their
philosophy—

These hoary headed sages and maids of hosiery blue—

Then solve me the conundrum, love, that I have put to
you."

She smiled a dreamy smile and said: "The Thingness
of the Here

Is that which is not passed and hasn't yet arrived, my
dear;

Indeed," the maid continued, with a calm, unruffled
brow,

"The Thingness of the Here is just the Thisness of the
Now."

A smile illumined the lover's face, and then, without
any haste,

He slid a manly arm around the maiden's slender waist,
And on her cherry lips impressed a warm and loving
kiss,

And said: "Love, this is what I call the Nowness of
the This."

LANGLEY LANE.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

IN all the land, range up, range down,
Is there ever a place so pleasant and sweet
As Langley Lane in London town,
Just out of the bustle of square and street ?
Little white cottages, all in a row,
Gardens where bachelor's buttons grow,
Swallows' nests in roof and wall,
And up above the still blue sky
Where the woolly white clouds go sailing by—
I seem to be able to see it all !

For now, in summer, I take my chair,
And sit outside in the sun, and hear
The distant murmur of street and square,
And the swallows and sparrows chirping near ;
And Fanny, who lives just over the way,
Comes running many a time each day,
With her little hand's touch so warm and kind ;
And I smile and talk, with the sun on my cheek,
And the little live hand seems to stir and speak,—
For Fanny is dumb, and I am blind.

Fanny is sweet thirteen, and she
Has fine black ringlets and dark eyes clear ;
And I am older by summers three.
Why should we hold one another so dear ?
Because she cannot utter a word,
Nor hear the music of bee or bird,
The water-cart's splash or the milkman's call ;
Because I have never seen the sky,

Nor the little singers that hum and fly,
Yet know she is gazing upon them all.

For the sun is shining, the swallows fly,
The bees and the blue-flies murmur low;
And I hear the water-cart go by,
With its cool splash-splash, down the dusty row;
And the little one close at my side perceives
Mine eyes upraised to the cottage eaves,
Where birds are chirping in summer shine,
And I hear, though I cannot look; and she,
Though she cannot hear, can the singers see,—
And the little soft fingers flutter in mine!

Hath not the dear little hand a tongue,
When it stirs on my palm for the love of me?
Do I not know she is pretty and young?

Hath not my soul an eye to see?
'Tis pleasure to make one's bosom stir,
To wonder how things appear to her.
That I only hear as they pass around;
And as long as we sit in the music and light,
She is happy to keep God's sight,
And *I* am happy to keep God's sound.

Why, I know her face though I am blind;
I made it of music long ago,—
Strange large eyes, and dark hair twined
Round the pensive light of a brow of snow;
And when I sit by my little one,
And hold her hand, and talk in the sun,
And hear the music that haunts the place,
I know she is raising her eyes to me,
And guessing how gentle my voice must be
And *seeing* the music upon my face.

Though if ever the Lord should grant me a prayer,
(I know the fancy is only vain),

I should pray just once, when the weather is fair,
To see little Fanny, and Langley Lane;
Though Fanny, perhaps, would pray to hear
The voice of the friend that she holds so dear,
The song of the birds, the hum of the street,—
It is better to be as we have been,
Each keeping up something unheard, unseen,
To make God's heaven more strange and sweet.

Ah, life is pleasant in Langley Lane!
There is always something sweet to hear,—
Chirping of birds, or patter of rain,
And Fanny, my little one, always near.
And though I am weakly and can't live long,
And Fanny, my darling, is far from strong.
And though we can never married be,
What then, since we hold one another so dear
For the sake of the pleasure one cannot hear,
And the pleasure that only one can see?



AUX ITALIENS.

OWEN MEREDITH.

* * As recited by Robert H. Hatch.

[There is the suggestion of a mystery about the poem of "Aux Italiens." Did she come back to life, or was it only a dream? It perplexed a friend of mine to that extent that he wrote to Owen Meredith and asked him the question. Lord Lytton in his answer intimated that it was certainly the happier thought to believe that she really did come back.—R. H. H.]

A T Paris it was, at the Opera there,
And she looked like a queen in a book, that
night,
With the wreath of pearls in her raven hair
And the brooch on her breast, so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote
The best, to my taste, is the *Trovatore*;
And Mario can soothe with a tenor note
The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow;
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low:
"*Non ti scordar di me!*"

Well! there in our front-row box we sat
Together, my bride betrothed and I;
My gaze was fixed on my opera hat
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent and both were sad.
Like a queen, she leaned on her full white arm,

With that regal, indolent air she had.
So confident of her charm!

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was!
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

Meanwhile I was thinking of my first love
As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood 'neath the cypress trees together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather.

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot)
And her warm, white neck in its golden chain,
And her full, soft hair, just tied in a knot
And falling loose again;

And the jasmine flower in her fair, young breast,
(Ah, the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine flower!)
And the one bird singing alone in his nest.
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my ring,
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing.

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress tree stands over;
And I thought: "Were she only living still,
How I could forgive her and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things were best,

That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint and it smelt so sweet
It made me creep and it made me cold !
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
When a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned and looked—she was sitting there
In a dim box, over the stage, and drest
In that muslin dress, with that full, soft hair,
And that jasmine in her breast !

I was here, and she was there,
And the glittering horse-shoe curved between—
To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door,
I traversed the passage ; and down at her side
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be expressed,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead and she is not wed !
But she loves me now, and she loved me then !
And the very first words that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there, of Carabas,
She is wealthy and young and handsome still,
And but for her . . . well, we'll let that pass—
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face, for old things are best ;
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch on my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And love must cling where it can, I say;
For beauty is easy enough to win,
But one isn't loved every day.

And I think in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven.

But oh, the smell of that jasmine flower!
And oh, that music! and oh, the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower
“*Non ti scordar di me,*
Non ti scordar di me!”



PLATONIC.

WILLIAM B. TERRETT.

I HAD sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn to be a
maid,
For we both agreed in doubting whether matrimony
paid.
Besides, I had my higher aims, for science filled my
heart,
And she said her young affections were all wound up in
art.
So we laughed at those wise men who say that friend-
ship cannot live
'Twixt man and woman, unless each has something else
to give.
We would be friends, and friends as true as e'er were
man and man;
I'd be a second David and she Miss Jonathan.
We'd like each other, that was all, and quite enough to
say,
So we just shook hands upon it in a business sort of way.
We shared our sorrows and our joys, together hoped
and feared,
With common purpose sought the goal which young
ambition reared.
We dreamed together of the days, the dream-bright
days to come,
We were strictly confidential, and called each other
"chum;"
And many a day we wandered together o'er the hills—
I seeking bugs and butterflies, and she the ruined mills,
And rustic bridges and the like, which picture-makers
prize,
To run in with their waterfalls, and groves, and sunny
skies.

And many a quiet evening, in hours of full release,
We floated down the river, or loafed beneath the trees,
And talked in long gradation, from the poets to the
weather,

While the summer skies, and my cigar burned slowly
out together.

But through it all no whispered word, or tell-tale look,
or sigh

Told aught of warmer sentiment than friendly sym-
pathy.

We talked of love as coldly as we talked of *nebulæ*,
And thought no more of being one than we did of being
three.

“Well, good-bye, old fellow!” I took her hand, for
the time had come to go;

My going meant our parting, when to meet we did not
know.

I had lingered long and said farewell with a very heavy
heart,

For though we were but friends, you know, 'tis hard
for friends to part.

“Well, good-bye, old fellow, don't forget your friends
across the sea,

And some day, when you've lots of time, just drop a
line to me.”

The words came lightly, gaily, but a great sob just
behind

Rose upward with a story of quite a different kind;

And then she raised her eyes to mine, great, liquid
eyes of blue,

Full to the brim and running o'er, like violet cups with
dew;

One long, long look, and then I did what I never did
before,—

Perhaps the tear meant friendship, but I think the kiss
meant more.

PLAYING CHESS.

WE sat beneath the chandelier,
Its splendor streaming o'er us,
The gilded chessmen lying near,
The chess-board placed before us.

“ Shall we grow gray before we play ? ”
Cried blue-eyed Cousin Lily.
“ Don't sit there in that stupid way,
It makes you look so silly ! ”

I set the board. “ Now, Cousin Lil,
What say you to investing
A little cash ? You know it will
Just make it interesting. ”

“ Who ever money risks, ” she cried,
“ On such a game as this is ? ”
“ Well, then, not money, ” I replied,
“ Let's play—let's play for—kisses ! ”

She blushed, she laughed, and tossed her head,
And then, “ How many, cousin ? ”
And laughing merrily, I said,
“ I'll play for—*forty dozen* ! ”

The game began with heedful care.
We marshalled all our forces ;
Kings, queens, and bishops all were there,
And knights—at least their horses.

Though ever as we played away
My cousin's hope grew slighter ;
Yet after every losing play
She smiled and blushed the brighter.

And when at last the game was done,
This game for stakes so funny,
When I these funny stakes had won,
More precious far than money,
Why, then—but no, I'll hold my hand;
I will not tell it—never!
I swore to keep it secret, and
I will for aye and ever.



JOHN.

I STAND behind his elbow chair.
My soft hands rest upon his hair—
Hair whose silver is dearer to me
Than all the gold of earth could be,
And my eyes of brown look tenderly down
On John, *my* John.

The firelight leaps and laughs and warms,
Wraps us both in its ruddy arms—
John, as he sits in the heart-glow red,
Me, with my hands on his dear old head,
Encircling us both like a ring of troth,
Me and my John.

His form has lost its early grace,
Wrinkles rest on his kindly face;
His brow no longer is smooth and fair,
For time has left his autograph there;
But a noble prize, in my loving eyes
Is John, *my* John.

“My love,” he says, and lifts his hands,
Browned by the suns of other lands,
In tender clasp on mine to lay :
“How long ago was our wedding-day ?”
I smile through my tears, and say : “Years and
years,
My John, *dear* John.”

We say no more; the firelight glows;
Both of us muse on what—who knows ?
My hands drop down in a mute caress
Each throb of my heart is a wish to bless
With my life's best worth the heart and the hearth
Of John, *my* John.

JUST LIKE A MAN.

“WHY don’t you get married, Johnny, my boy ?
Why don’t you get married, Jack ?

Be a citizen good and a churchman strong,
Go home early nights and you won’t go wrong;

A good wife is just what you lack.
It’s a terrible shame for a fellow like you
To have lodgings for one—on a top floor, too!”

“Start in on a fresh cigar, my boy,
And put your heels up on a chair,
And I’ll tell you a few of my reasons for this
Avoidance of all matrimonial bliss—

Don’t give such a dubious stare!
Because you are happily married, you see,
Is no reason good, why yours truly should be.

“The ladies are quite too flirtatious, my boy;
I see them pass by on the street;
Their jewels are dazzling, and so are their eyes,
Their wardrobes are costly and that will comprise
The most of the women you meet.
Their seal cloaks are heavy, though laces be thin,
And how do I know what the heart is within ?

“And what should I do with my friends, my boy—
My jolly, bright bachelor friends ?
’Twould change the whole way of my life, of course,
And perhaps the gray mare might become the best
horse;

With Hymen good fellowship ends.
No, I think I’ll stick to my rooms and my punch,
My pipe, and my cronies, and midnight lunch.

“And besides, deep down in my heart, my boy,

There's a picture—'tis wondrous fair—

Of a beautiful girl in the years ago—

My sweet little sweetheart, don't you know?

Let's take a walk out in the air.

She died in my arms, and she's now in the skies—

Confound the dust! How it blows in my eyes!”



HOLLY LEAVES.

THE holly was full of berry, the winter was hard
and white,
As white as my girl-wife's face, and as hard as our life's
long fight.
"It will sell all the better," she said, as she kissed me
a faint good-bye,
And I gathered the scant rags round her, and went
with a tear-dimmed eye.
No fire in the rusted grate—chill cheer for our Christmas
eve!
And I left her, to wheel out the holly, though bitterly
loth to leave.
It was brought from the far, white woods, near the
cottage where Polly was born;
Twenty long miles I had trudged with it only that same
bleak morn.
But the shining red berries were thick on it, showing so
ruddily warm,
That I left just one scarlet spray on her pillow. Her
frost-pinched form
Shook 'neath the tattered quilt; but she said: "I feel
cosey and well,
And I never saw holly so fine, Tom; 'twill sell, dear,
I'm sure it will sell."
"Holly—ho! Holly—ho! Holly—ho!" Oh, I shouted
and smiled with the best,
And I chaffed with the jovial chafferers, longing for
midnight and rest.
Yet the pennies came slowly in; but at last, when the
throng had grown thin,
There passed me a portly old fellow, wool-swathed to his
round, red chin.

Was he caught by the gleam of the berries—my face's
cold trouble? Who knows?
But he turned and he bought the whole lot. What a
laugh to my lips arose!
The thought of the glisten of Polly's dark eyes drew me
on, hot and swift,
Till my scant breath failed, and I reeled, as the latch I
was ready to lift.
And I burst in, singing the strain, "Oh, this life is
jolly, most jolly!
It is Christmas morning, my girl, and I've sold every
bit of our holly,
Save the spray on your pillow, my pet! Let me kiss
your poor cheeks as red."
And I stooped, with my heart at my lips, almost happy
—and Polly was dead!



ENGAGED.

MUTE the music of the fiddle
When we wandered to the door;
Must have been about the middle
Of the night, or maybe more.
Every poising of her face let
Loose the rhapsodies of love;
Every movement of her bracelet,
Or her glove.

After each adieu was bidden,
Leisurely we took our leave;
One white hand was half-way hidden
In a corner of my sleeve.
Foolishly my fancy lingers!
Still what can a captive do?
Just the pressure of her fingers
Thrilled me through.

Spoke we of the pleasant dances,
Costumes, supper, and the wine;
Gossiped of the stolen glances;
Guessed engagements, mentioned mine.
Some old sorrow to her eye lent
Tears that trickled while we talked,
And I found her growing silent
As we walked.

My engagement? Queer, why stupid
People peddle little lies!
Here beside me cunning Cupid
Shot his arrows from her eyes.
In my heart a twinge, and flutter
Followed fast each dart he dealt,

And my tongue tried hard to utter
What I felt.

Standing near the polished newel
With the gas turned very low,
Conscience seemed to whisper, "Cruel!
Tell the truth before you go."
So my courage, getting firmer,
Set her doubtings all aright!
Tiny hands came with the murmur,
"Now, good-night!"

'Twas the same delicious lisp heard
At the dance—a merry strain!
True the voice now softly whispered—
True she let her hands remain
In my own, as if in token
Of some wish in sweet eclipse,
Cherished lovingly, unspoken
By her lips.

Long-lashed eyelids gently drooping,
Face suffused with scarlet flush,
Told the secret as I, stooping,
Kissed the roseleaf of her blush.
Like some happy, sunny island
In a sea of joy was I;
Quick she turned her face to smile, and
Said, "Good-bye!"

When we met the morning after,
Blithe as any bird was she;
Music mingled with her laughter,
Every word was love to me.
So the genial Mrs. Grundy,
Seeing how our hearts are caged,
Tells the truth at church next Sunday:
"They're engaged!"

THE SURPRISE.

EVELYN BAKER HARVIER.

A GARDEN and a fountain
And a maiden 'neath the trees,
The bright ribbons on her bonnet
Floating in the summer breeze.
Her face was almost hidden
By a fan she gently waved.
How I long to stand beside her
In the green grass as it swayed!

Ah, happy thought! I bounded forward,
Pressed my hands upon her eyes.
"Nay, dear! Do not speak, I pray you,
Let me give a glad surprise.
For weeks and months I've loved you,
Longed for place to tell you so;
Hear me out, and do not chide me,
Shall I stay, or shall I go?"

A drooping head, a gentle sigh
And a soft gloved hand in mine,
With its pressure seemed to answer:
"Yes, my love, I will be thine."
I threw myself before her,
"Is my answer to be yes?
Tell me, dearest, tell me quickly,
If with truth I make my guess?"

A quiver, and a murmur,
But the fan still hid her face,
As I gently drew her to me,
With a lover's fond embrace.
"I love you!" came her answer,
But her voice seemed like a taunt,
With one look, I fled before her—
'Twas my sweetheart's maiden aunt.

A WHIFF OF VIOLETS.

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

WHEN Gwendoline pinned in my coat to-night
A cluster of violets blue,
The sweet, subtle scent through my senses went,
Bringing a vision of you.
In a moment I lived again the past,
Ere I'd grown so worldly wise;
Away rolled the years, and through the hot tears
I dared not brush from my eyes,

I saw you again, my love, oh my love!
With your tenderly smiling face.
Gwen ran up the stair—you came and stood there,
Then crept to my close embrace.
I kissed you once more; the old, wild thrill
Shot over me riotously.
“Jack,” called my wife, “did you e’er in your life
Love a woman as well as me?”

With a guilty start I looked quickly round—
Sweet ghost, you had quietly gone;
And Gwen, tall and fair, came down the long stair
Humming the waltz from “Nanon.”
I flecked the ashes from my cigar,
“No, dear,” with a sigh I said—
A sigh for the hours which those wee, blue flowers
Brought back from a past long dead.

A WOODLAND SKETCH.

[Presented to Mr. Robert H. Hatch, by Mr. Burr McIntosh.]

THEY strolled along through the wood together,
A manly youth and a maiden fair,
Gathering leaves in the autumn weather,
Tinted with colors both rich and rare.

He said: "You are much like the autumn leaf,
With your cheeks of red and your hair of gold;
And your heart, the frost that the leaf receives
Ere its hues are seen, for your heart is cold.

The maiden answered: "It may be so,
You have known me long and perhaps know best;
But the frozen leaf soon thaws, you know,
After 'tis gathered and properly pressed."

A VALENTINE.

GEORGE R. SIMS.

I STOOD at Rimmel's window, and I saw that there
were signs
That the festival approaching was the bold St. Valen-
tine's;
There were lots of little Cupids in a cloud of dainty
lace,
They were podgy in the stomach, they were chubby in
the face!
And a dicky-bird I noticed, in its beak a little ring,
Just the bird to drop the present in a lady's hand and
sing.
Then I suddenly remembered that the worthy Mrs. D.
Last year had very kindly sent a valentine to me.
So I stepped up to the counter, and a smiling maiden
brought
All the best of the collection, thinking one of them I
sought.
"For a sweetheart," said she, coyly, "here's a beauti-
ful design;"
'Twas a fan with painted roses, and the legend, "I am
thine."
"No, it isn't for a sweetheart, but my wife," I shyly
said.
Back that damsel put the boxes, and she tossed her little
head,
Crying: "Oh, I beg your pardon!" while she smiled
at the mistake:
"That's the sort of thing you want, sir—it's the cheap-
est one we make!"

THEY WENT A-FISHING.

ONE morn when Spring was in her teens,
A morn for a poet's wishing,
All tinted in delicate pinks and greens,
Miss Bessie and I went fishing.

I with my rod, my reel, and my hooks,
And a basket for lunching recesses,
And she with the net of her smiling looks
And the seine of her golden tresses.

I with my rough and easy clothes,
And my face at the sunshine's mercy,
And she with hat tipped down to her nose,
And her nose tipped vice versa.

So we sat down on the sunny dike,
Where the white pond-lilies teeter,
And I went a-fishing like quaint old Ike,
And she like Simon Peter.

All the day I lay in the light of her eyes,
And dreamily watched and waited;
But the fish were cunning and would not rise,
And the baiter alone, was baited.

When the time for departure came,
The bag was as flat as a flounder;
But Bessie had neatly hooked her game,
A hundred and eighty pounder.

THE FIGHT AT LOOKOUT.

R. L. CARY, JR.

HERE, sit ye down 'longside of me; I'm getting old
and gray;
But something in the paper, boy, has riled my blood
to-day.

To steal a purse is mean enough, the most of men agree;
But stealing reputation seems a meaner thing to me.

A letter in *The Herald* says some generals allow
That there wa'n't no fight where Lookout rears aloft its
shaggy brow;
But this coat-sleeve swinging empty here beside me, boy,
to-day
Tells a mighty different story in a mighty different
way.

When sunbeams flashed o'er Mission Ridge that bright
November morn,
The misty cap on Lookout's crest gave tokens of the
storm;
For grim King Death had draped the mount in grayish,
smoky shrouds,—
Its craggy peaks were lost to sight above the fleecy
clouds.

Just at the mountain's rocky base we formed in serried
lines,
While lightning with its jagged edge played on us from
the pines;
The mission ours to storm the pits 'neath Lookout's
crest that lay:

We stormed the very "gates of hell" with Fighting
Joe that day.

The mountain seemed to vomit flames; the boom of heavy
guns

Played bass to Dixie's music, while a treble played the
drums;

The eagles, waking from their sleep, looked down upon
the stars

Slow climbing up the mountain's side with morning's
broken bars.

We kept our eyes upon the flag that upward led the
way,

Until we lost it in the smoke on Lookout's side that day;
And then like demons loosed from hell we clambered up

the crag,

"Excelsior" our motto, and our mission "Save the
flag!"

In answer to the rebel yell we gave a ringing cheer;

We left the rifle-pits behind, the crest loomed upward
near;

A light wind playing 'long the peaks just lifted Death's
gray shroud;

We caught a gleam of silver stars just breaking through
the cloud.

A shattered arm hung at my side that day on Lookout's
crag,

And yet I'd give the other now to save the dear old
flag.

The regimental roll when called on Lookout's crest that
night

Was more than doubled by the roll Death called in
realms of light.

Just as the sun sank slowly down behind the mountain's
crest,
When mountain-peaks gave back the fire that flamed
along the west,
Swift riding down along the ridge upon a charger white
Came "Fighting Joe," the hero now of Lookout's
famous fight.

He swung his cap as tears of joy slow trickled down his
cheek,
And as our cheering died away the general tried to
speak.
He said, "Boys, I'll court-martial you—yes, every man
that's here;
I said to take the rifle-pits"—we stopped him with a
cheer,—
"I said to take the rifle-pits upon the mountain's edge,
And I'll court-martial you because—because you took
the ridge!"

Then such a laugh as swept the ridge where late King
Death had ströde!
And such a cheer as rent the skies, as down our lines he
rode!
I'm getting old and feeble; I've not long to live, I
know;
*But there was a fight at Lookout—I was there with
Fighting Joe!*

So them generals in *The Herald* they may reckon and
allow
That there wa'n't no fight at Lookout on the mountain's
shaggy brow;
But this empty coat-sleeve swinging here beside me, boy,
to-day
Tells a mighty different story in a mighty different way.

.

A FRANK LETTER.

AH, Countess Clare, as I sat last night
In your long, luxurious room,
Where globes of amber and crimson burned
'Mid banks of the rarest bloom,—
A breeze from the Land of Memory blew,
And the perfume to me stole
From a cluster of roses, pink and sweet,
In a dark blue china bowl.
You looked a queen in your violet silk,
With your breast in a foam of lace,
And a diamond star in your golden hair—
A queen in your high-bred grace!
But I saw the veil of the Past divide,
And the seasons backward roll,
And a slender girl in a muslin gown
Bend over the china bowl.
The ivory white of your satin cheek
Grew roseate for my sake;
Your eyes looked love and your lips were ripe
With kisses for me to take.
But I turned away from your jewelled arms,
For I thought of a sunny knoll
Where the roses grew on their thorny stalks
For the quaint old china bowl.
So, gay coquette, you will wait to-night
On the terrace in vain for me,
For I shall go back to my sweet first love
Far over the turquoise sea;
To my sweet first love in the muslin gown
As white as her spotless soul,
And the roses growing in sun and dew
For the dark blue china bowl.

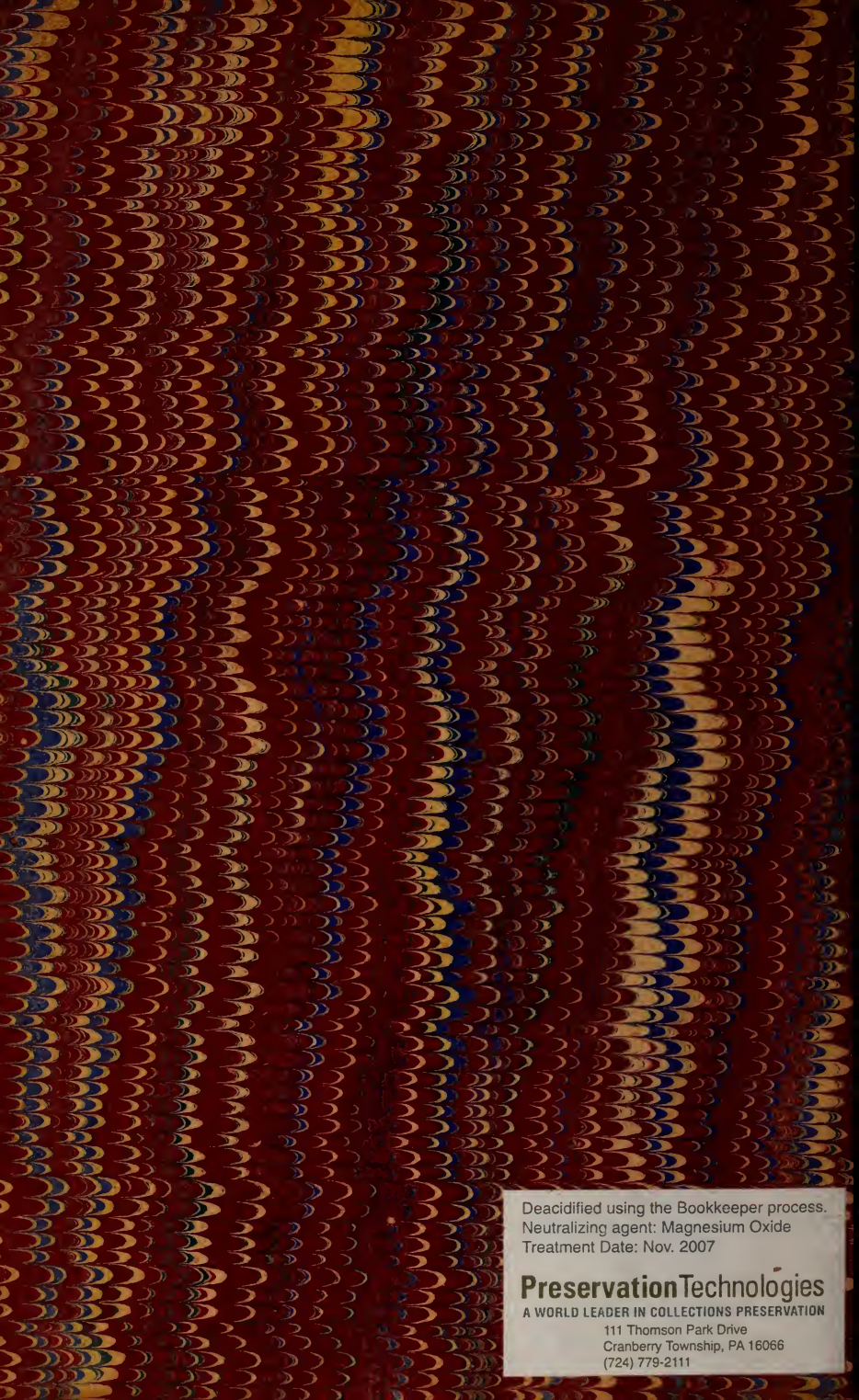


Stefan





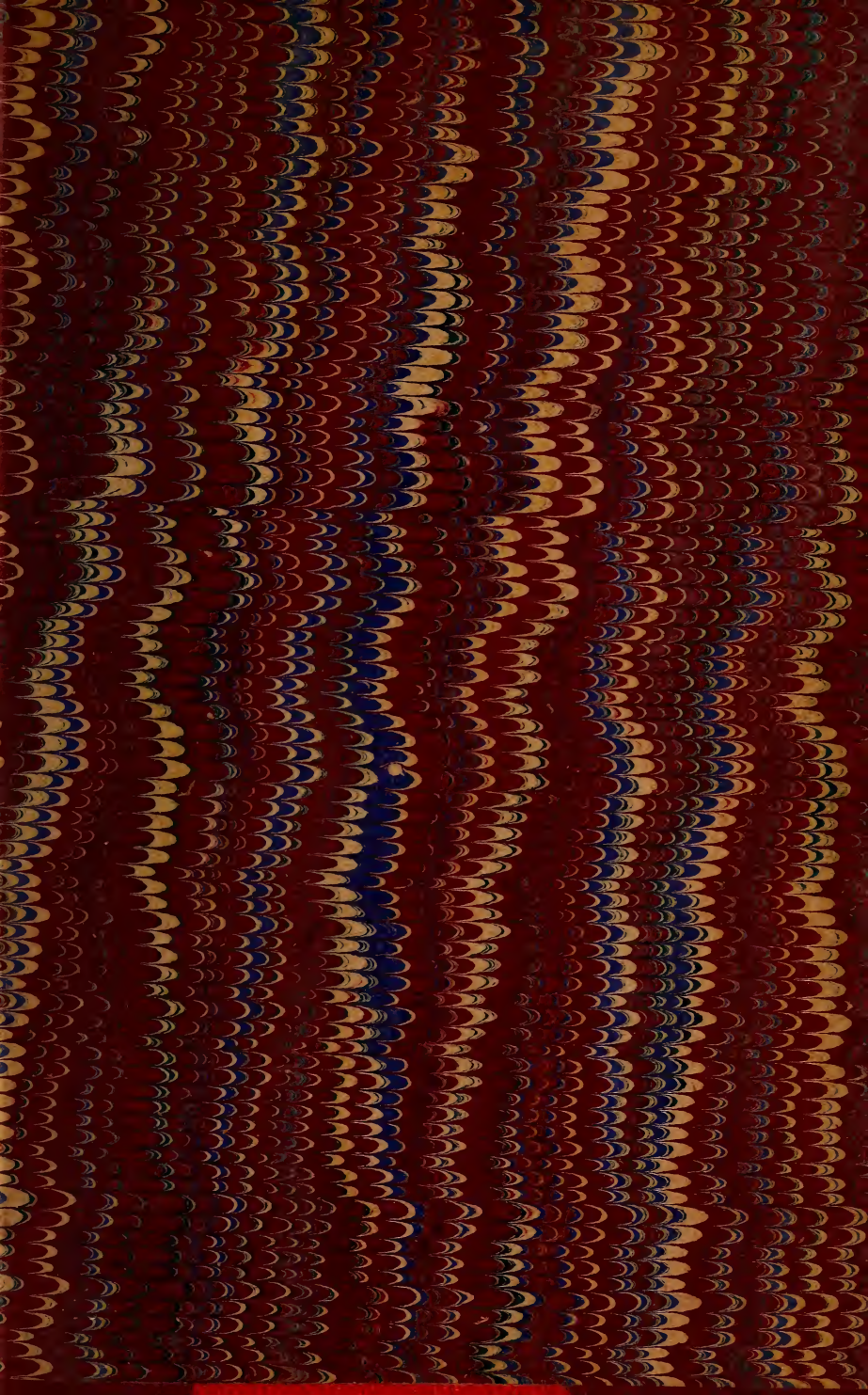




Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Nov. 2007

Preservation Technologies
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 021 958 626 7